

A
Woman is a Wea-
ther-cocke.

A New Comedy,
As it was acted before the King in
WHITE-HALL.

And diuers times Priuately at the
White-Friers, By the Children of her
Maiesties Reuels.

Written by NAT: FIELD.

Si natura negat faciat Indagnatio versum.



Printed at London, for *John Budge*, and are to be sold at
the great South doore of *Panles*, and at *Brittaines*
Burse. 1612.

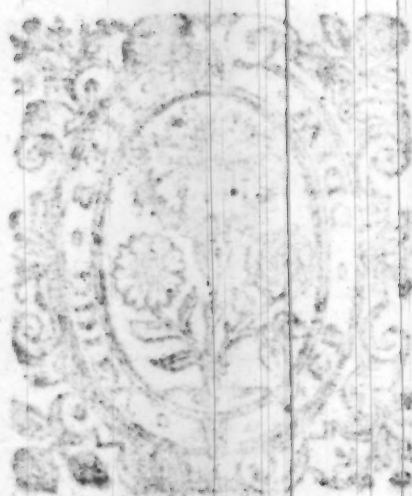
Wesimov

three-cockle.

As it was acted before the King in
White-Hall.

And direct your Primate to the
White-Friars, By the Children of the
Maiden Rents.

At: FIVE



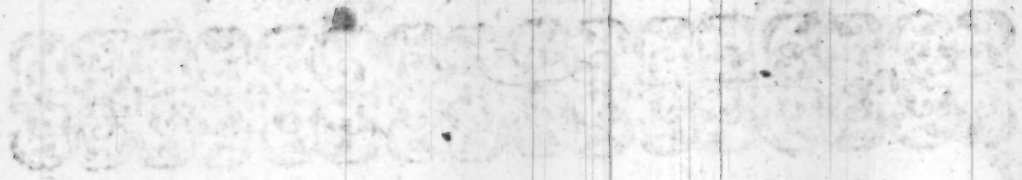
Printed at London, for John Wages, and are to be sold at
the great South door of St. Pauls, and at Birmingham.
Bristol. 1812.



Dramatis personæ.

Count Fredericke.	Bellafront.
Sir Iohn VVorldly.	Katherine.
Neuill.	Lucida.
Scudmore.	Lady Ninnie.
Strange.	Mistris Wagtayle.
Pendant.	A Priest.
Captaine Powts.	A Page.
Sir Innocent Ninnie	Seruant.
Sir Abraham Ninny	





Thomas Paine

Belsham

Katherine

Lucinda

Lady Nimble

Miss Wagtail

Alfred

Page

Gertrude

Countess of

St John Wood

Lord

St John

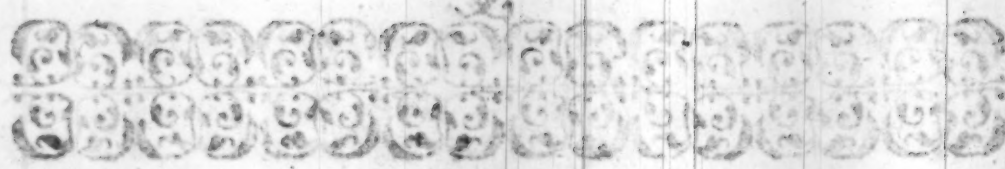
St John

St John

St John

St John

St John





To any Woman that
hath beene no Weather-
Cocke.

I Did determine, not to haue Dedicated my Play to
any Body, because forty shillings I care not for,
and aboue, few or none will bestowe on these mat-
ters, especially falling from so famelesse a pen as
mine is yet. And now I looke vp, and finde to whom
my Dedication is, I feare I am as good as my de-
termination: notwithstanding I leaue a libertie to
any Lady or woman, that dares say she hath beene
no weather-Cocke, to assume the Title of Patro-
nesse to this my Booke. If she haue beene constant,
and be so, all I will expect from her for my paynes,
is, that she will continue so, but till my next Play
be printed, wherein she shall see what amendes I
haue made to her, and all the sex, and so I end my
Epistle, without a Latine sentence.

N. F.



To the Reader.

R Eader, the Sale-man sweares, youle take it very ill, if I say not somewhat to you too, Introth you are a stranger to me; why should I Write to you? you neuer writ to mee, nor I thinke will not answere my Epistle. I send a Comedie to you heer, as good as I could then make; nor sleight my presentation, because it is a play: For I tell thee Reader, if thou bee'st ignoraunt, a Play is not so ydle a thing as thou art, but a Mirrour of mens liues and actions now, be it perfect or imperfect, true or false, is the Vice or Vertue of the Maker. This is yet, as well, as I can, *Qualeis ego vel Cluuienus*, Thou must needs haue some other Language then thy Mother tong, for thou thinkst it impossible for me to write a Play that did not vse a word of Latine, though he had enough in him. I haue beene vexed with vile playes my selfe, a great while, hearing many, nowe I thought to be euen with some, and they shoulde heare mine too. Fare thee well, if thou hast any thing to say to me, thou know'st where to heare of me for a yeare or two, and no more I assure thee.

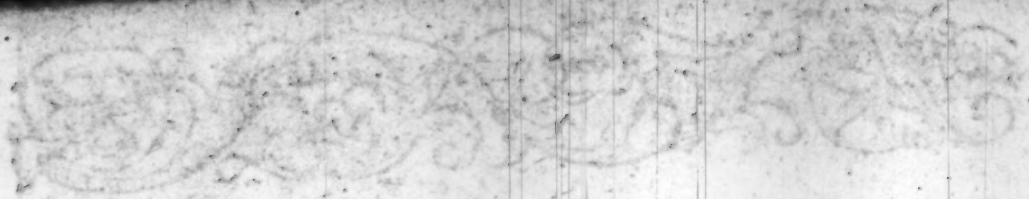
N. F.



To his Loued Sonne,
Nat. Field, and his We-
ther-cocke Woman.

TO many formes, as well as many waies,
Thy *Active Muse*, turnes like thy *Acted woman*:
In which, disprais'd inconstancie, turnes praise;
Th' Addition being, and grace of Homers Sea-man,
In this life's rough Seas tost, yet still the same:
So turns thy wit, Inconstancy to stay,
And stay't Inconstancy: And as swift Fame
Growes as she goes, in Fame so thrive thy Play,
And thus to standing, turne thy womans fall,
Wit turn'd to euerie thing, prooues stay in all.

George Chapman.



To his Lordship
New Field, and his Wife
the Countess of Winton.

To my Lord, I have the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.
in relation to the matter of the Countess of Winton's
estate, and am glad to hear that you have
been successful in your efforts to secure
the same for her. I am, Sir, very
truly, your obedient servant,
George Chapman.

George Chapman



A Woman's a Weather-cocke.

Actus primus, scen. prima.

*Enter Scudmore, as in his Chamber in a morning, halfe
ready, reading a Letter.*

Sc. Legit. **W**Hereas you write, my fortunes and my birth
Made aboue yours, may be a reall cause
That I must leaue you, know thou worthiest man,
Thou hast a soule, whose plenteous wealth supplies
All the leane wants blinde Chance hath dealt to thee.
Yet could I thinke, the Goddes from all their store,
Who ne're knew indigence vnto their will,
Would (out of all their stocke of Vertue left,
Or out of all new graces they can make)
Make such another peece as *Scudmore* is,
Then might he iustly feare; but otherwise,
Sooner the Masculine Element of Fire,
Shall flame his *Pyramids* downe to the Earth;
Sooner her Mountaines shall swell vp to Heauen,
Or softest Aprill showers quench fires in Hell;
Sooner shall Starres from this Circumference,
Drop like false fierie exhalation,
Then I be false to voves made vnto thee;
In whom, ought ne're a fault: I ne're could see,
But that you doubted once my constancie.

Yours through the world, and to the end of Time.

Bellafront.

Scud. Loqui. vt raptus. If (what I feele) I could expresse
in words,
Methinkes I could speake ioy enough to men,

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

To banish sadnesse from all loue, for euer:
Oh thou that reconcil'st the faults of all
That frothy sex, and in thy single selfe
Confin'st, nay hast engroft Vertue enough
To frame a spacious world of vertuous women;
Hadst thou bin the Beginning of thy sex,
I thinke the Deuill in the Serpents skin,
Had wanted Cunning to orecome thy goodnesse,
And all had liu'd and dy'd in Innocency
The white Originall Creation.
Whose there? Come in.

Knockes within.

Enter Neuill.

Ne. What, vp already *Scudmore*, neare a Wench with thee? Not thy Laundresse?

Scud. Good-morrow my deare *Neuill*.

Ne. What's this? A Letter; Sure it is not so,
A Letter written to *Hieronimo*!

Scud. By Heauen you must excuse me; Come, I know
You will not wrong my friendship and your manners
to tempt me so.

Ne. Not for the world my friend,
Farewell, Good-morrow.

Exit Neuill.

Scud. Nay Sir, Neither must you
Depart in anger from this friendly hand:
I sweare, I loue you better then all men,
Equally with all Vertue in the world:
Yet this would be a Key to lead you to
A prize of that importance.

Ne. Worthy friend,
I leaue you not in anger; What de'e meane?
Nor am I of that inquisitiue Nature fram'd,
To thirst to know your priuate businesse:
Why, they concerne not me; If they be ill
And dangerous, 't would greeue me much to know em.
If good; they be so, though I know em not:
Nor would I do your loue so grosse a wrong,
To Couet, to participate affaires

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Of that neere touch, which your assured loue
Doth thinke not fit, or dares not trust me with.

Scnd. How sweetly does your friendship play with mine,
And with a simple subtilty, steales my heart
Out of my bosome. By the holiest Loue
That euer made a Story, y^e are a man
With all good so replete, that I durst trust you
Euen with this secret, were it singly mine.

Ne. I do beleue you, farewell worthy friend.

Scnd. Nay looke you, this same fashion does not please
You were not wont to make your visitation. (me,
So short and carelesse.

Ne. Tis your lealoufie
That makes you thinke it so, for by my soule
You haue giuen me no distast, in keeping from me
All things that might be burthenous, and oppresse me.
Introth I am inuited to a wedding,
And the Mome faster goes away from me,
Then I go toward it: and so Good-morrow.

Scnd. God-morrow Sir, thinke I durst shew it you.

Ne. Now by my life I not desire it Sir,
Nor euer lou'd these prying listening men,
That aske of other states and passages,
Not one among a hundred but proues false,
Enuious and slanderous, and wil cut that throat
He twines his armes about, I loue that Poet
That gaue vs reading, not to leeke our selues
Beyond our selues, Farewell.

Scnd. You shall not go,
I cannot now redeeme the fault I haue made
To such a friend, but in disclosing all.

Ne. Now if you loue me, do not wrong me so,
I see you labour with some serious thing,
And thinke (like Fayries Treasure) to reueale it,
Will cause it vanish; and yet to conceale it
Will burst your breast, tis so delicious,
And so much greater then the Continent.

Sc. Oh, you haue pierc'd my eare trails with your words.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

And I must now explaine all to your eies,
Read, and be happy in my happinesse.

Nr. Yet thinke on't, keepe thy secret, and thy friend
Sure and entire; Oh! giue not me the meanes
To become false heereafter; or thy selfe
A probable reason to distrust thy friend,
Though he be neare so true, I will not see't.

Scud. I die by Heauen, if you denie againe,
I starue for Counsell; take it, looke vpon it;
If you do not, It is an æquall plague,
As if it had beene knowne and published:
For God-sake read, but with this Caution,
By this right hand, by this yet vnstain'd sword,
Were you my sather flowing in these waues,
Or a deare sonne exhausted out of them,
Should you betray this soule of all my hopes,
Like the two brethren (though loue made em Starres)
We must be neuer more seene both againe.

Nr. I read it fearelesse of the forfeiture,
Yet warne you, be as *Cassidors*, not to wound
My integritie, with doubt, on likelyhoods,
From misreport, but first exquire the Truth.

Legit. Nr. Scud. aliquando respiciens.

Scud. Read, whilst I tell the Storie of my loue,
And sound the Truth of her heroicke Spirit,
Whom eloquence could neuer flatter yet,
Nor the best tongue of praises reach vnto.
The Maide there nam'd, I met once on a Greene
Neere to her Fathers house, me thought she shew'd,
For I did looke on her, indeed no eie
That ow'd a sensible member, but must dwell
Awhile on such an obiect.
The passing Horses, and the feeding Kine
Stood still, and left their iournies and their food,
The singing Birds were in contention
Which should light neerest her; for her cleare eies
Deceiu'd euery man, they were so like bright skies.

Neere

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Neere in a Riulet, swum two beauteous Swans,
Whiter then any thing, but her necke and hands,
Which they left straight to comfort her: A Bull
Being baiting on the Greene for the Swaines sport,
She walking toward it, the vex'd sauage beast
Ceast bellowing; the snarling Dogges were mute,
And had enough to do to looke on her,
Whose face brought Concord, and an end of iarrs,
Though Nature made emeuer to haue warres.
Had there bin Beares and Lyons, when she spake
They had bin charmed too: For Graccians Lute
Was rusticke Musicke to her heavenly tongue,
Whose sweetnesse e'ne call slumbers on mine eies,
Soft as Content, yet would not let me sleepe.

Ne. Yours through the world, & to the end of time. Bellafront.
Which, *Bellafront Rich*, Sir *Iohn Worldlies* Daughter?

Scud. She is the food, the sleepe, the aire I liue by.

Ne. Oh heauen! we speake like Goddes, and do like
Dogges.

Scud. What meanes my

Ne. This day, this *Bellafront* the Rich Heire,
Is married vnto Count *Fredericke*,
And that's the wedding I was going to.

Scud. I prethee do not mocke me, Married?

Ne. It is no matter to be plaid withall,
But euen as true as women all are false.

Scud. Oh! that this stroake were Thunder to my brest,
For *Nenill* thou hast spoake my heart in twaine,
And with the sudden whirlewind of thy breath,
Hast rauisht me out of a temperate soile,
And set me vnder the red burning Zone.

Ne. For shame returne thy blood into thy face,
Know'st not how slight a thing a woman is?

Scud. Yes, and how serious too: Come Ile t' the Temple,
She shall not damne her selfe for want of Counsell.

Ne. Oh! prethee run not thus into the streets,
Come dresse you better, so: Ah! as thy cloaths

A Woman's a Wether-cocke:

Are like thy mind, too much disorder'd,
How strangely is this Tide turn'd? For a world
I would not but have cal'd heere, as I went.
Collect thy Spirits, we will vse all meanes
To checke this blacke face, flying toward thee: Come,
If thou miscarriest, tis my day of doome.

Scud. Yes, now I'me fine, Married? It may be so,
But women looke too't, for if she proue vntrue,
The Diuell take you all, that are his due.

*Enter Count Fredericke, a Taylor trussing him, attended
by a Page.*

Con. Is Sir John Worldly vp, Boy?

Boy No my Lord.

Con. Is my Bride vp yet.

Boy No.

Con. No, and the Morne so faire.

Enter Pendant.

Pen. Good morrow my thrice honor'd & heroick Lord

Boy Good inorrow your Lord and Maister you might
say, for breuitie sake.

Con. Thou'ast a good Taylor, and art verie fine.

Pen. I thanke your Lordship.

Boy I you may thanke his Lordship indeed.

Pen. Foregod this Dublet sits in print my Lord.

And the Hose excellent; the Pickadell rare.

Boy Heele praise himselfe in trust with my Lords taylor,
For the next S. Georges sute.

Con. Oh, Good-morrow Taylour, I abhorre billes in a
Morning.

Pen. Your Honor sayes true; their Knauerie will be dis-
cern'd by day-light,
But thou maist watch at night with bill in hand,
And no man dares finde fault with it.

Tay. A good iest-Efaith, Good-morrow to your Lord-
ship, a verie good iest.

Exit Taylor.

Con. I wonder my inuited guests are so tardie, What's a
clocke.

Pen.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Pen. Scarfe seauen my Lord.

Con. And what newes *Pendant*?
What think'st thou of my present marriage?
How shewes the Beautie to thee I shall wed?

Pen. Why to all women, like *Diana* among hir Nymphs.

Boy There's all his reading.

Pen. A beautie of that purenesse and delight,
That none is worthy of her but my Lord,
My Honorable Lord.

Con. But then her fortune
Matcht with her beautie, makes her vp a match.

Pen. By Heauen vnmatcheable, for none fit but Lords,
And yet for no Lord fit, but my good Lord.

Con. And that her Sister then should loue me to,
Is it not strange?

Pen. Strange: No, not strange at all,
By *Cupid*, there's no woman in the world
But must needs loue you, deate, go madde for you;
If you vouchsafe reflection; Tis a thing
That does it home: thus much reflection
Catches em vp by Dozens, like wilde-foule.

Boy Now ye shall tast the meanes by which he eates.

Pen. Nature her selfe hauing made you, fell sicke
In loue with her owne worke, and can no more
Make man so louelie, being diseasd with loue.
You are the worlds Minion, of a little man;
He say no more, I would not be a woman,
For all has beene got by them.

Con. Why man, why?

Pen. Hart, I should follow you like a yong rank where,
That runs proud for her loue, plucke you by'th sleene,
Who ere were with you, in the open streete,
With the impudencie of a drunken Oyster-wife,
Put on my fighting wastcoate, and the Ruffe
That feares no tearing, batter downe the windowes
VWhere I suspected you might lie all night,
Scratch faces, like a Wilde-Cat of Pica-hatch.

Con.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke!

Con. Pendant thou't make me dote vpon my selfe,

Pen. Narcissus by this hand, had farre lesse cause.

Con. How knowst thou that?

Boy. They were all one my Lord.

Pen. How do I know, I speake my Conscience,

His beauties were but shaddowes to my Lord,

VVhy Boy his presence would enkindle sin,

And longing thoughts in a deuoted Nun:

Oh foote, oh Legge, oh Hand, oh body, face,

By Ioue it is a little man of wax.

Con. Th'art a rare Rascall; Tis not for nothing
That men call thee my Commendations.

Boy. For nothing, no, he would be loath it should.

Enter Captaine Pontes.

Con. Good Morrow, and good welcome Captaine
Pontes.

Cap. Good Morrow to your honour, and all ioy
Spring from this match, and the first yeare a Boy,
I commend these two verses a purpose, to salute your Ho-
nor.

Con. But how haps it Captaine, that your intended ma-
riage with my Father in Lawes third daughter, is not so-
lemnized to day.

Pen. My Lorde tels you true Captaine, it woulde haue
sau'd mear.

Faith I know not, Mistris Kate likes me not, shee sayes I
speake as if I had a pudding in my mouth, and I answered
her, if I had it was a white pudding, and then I was the
better arm'd for a woman; for I had a case about mee, so
one laught, and the other cried fie: the third saide I was a
Bawdy Captaine, and there was all I could get of them.

Con. See Boy, if they bee vp yet, Maids are long lyers I
perceiue.

Boy. How if they will not admit me my Lords?

Con. VVhy should not they admit you my Lorde, you
cannot Commit with em my Lord.

Boy. Marry therefore my Lord.

Exit Boy.

Con. But

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Con. But what should be the reason of her sodain alteration, she listned to thee once : Ha.

Pen. Haue you not heard my Lord, or de'e not know.

Con. Not I, I sweare.

Pen. Then you know nothing that is worth the knowing.

Cap. That's certaine, he knowes you.

Pen. There's a young Merchant, a late Sutor, that deals by whole sale, and Heire to Land, well descended, of worthy education, beholding to Nature.

Con. Oh, tis young *Strange*.

Cap. Ist he that lookes like an *Italian* Taylour? Out of the lac'd wheele, that weares a Bucket on's head?

Con. That is the man, yet belecue mee Captaine, it is a noble sprightly Cittizen.

Cap. Has he money?

Con. Infinitely wealthy.

Cap. Then Captaine thou art cast, would I had gon for *Gleneland*; *Worldly* loues money better, then I loue his Daughter,

Ile to some Company in Garrison: God b'wy.

Con. Nay, ye shall dedicate this day to me,

We speake but by the way man, nere dispaire;

I can assure you, thee's yet as free as Ayre.

Pen. And you may kill the Merchant with a looke,

I'de threaten him to death: my honor'd Lord

Shall be your friend, goe too, I say he shall,

You shall haue his good word, shall he my Lord?

Con. Sfut, he shall haue my bond to do him good.

Pen. Law, Tis the worthiest Lord in Christendome:

Oh Captaine, for some fourescore braue Spirits, once

To follow such a Lord in some attempt.

Cap. A hundred Sir were better.

Enter old Sir Innocent Ninnie, my Lady Ninnie, Sir Abraham, and Mistris Wagtail.

Con. Heere's more Guesse.

Cap. Is that Man and Wife?

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Pen. It is Sir *Innocent Ninne*, that's his Lady,
And that M. *Abraham* their onely sonne.

Count discoursing with In: La: Abra: looking about.

Cap. But did that little, old, dri'de Neats tongue, that
Eele-skin get him.

Pen. So tis said Captaine.

Cap. Methinkes, he in his Lady, should shew like a Needle
in a Bottle of Hay.

Pen. One may see by her Nose, what Pottage shee
loues.

Cap. Is your name *Abraham*; Pray who dwels in your
Mothers backside, at the signe of the Aqua-vitæ bottle.

Pen. Gods precious: Saue you Mistris *Wagtaile*.

Wag. Sweet M. *Pendant*. *(Puls hir by the sleene.*

S. Abr. Gentlemen, I desire your better acquaintance,
you must pardon my Father, hee's somewhat rude, rude, &
my Mother grossly brought vp, as you may perceiue.

Con. Yong M. *Abraham*, cry ye mercie Sir.

Abra. Your Lordships poor friend, & Sir *Abra: Ninny*
The Dubadub of Honor, piping hot,
Doth lye vpon my Worships shoulder blade.

Inno. Indeed my Lord, with much cost and labour, wee
haue got him Knighted; and being Knighted, vnder fauor
my Lord, let me tell ye, hee'le proue a sore Knight as ere
run at Ring. He is the one and onely *Ninnie* of our house.

La. Nin. He has cost s something ere he came to this:
Hold vp your head Sir *Abraham*.

Abra. Pish, pish, pish, pish.

Con. De'e heare how.

Pen. Oh, my Lord.

Cap. I had well hop'd she could not haue spoke, she is so fat.

Con. Long maist thou wear thy Knights-hood, & thy spurs
Pricke thee to Honor on, and pricke off Curs.

Abra. Sir *Abraham* thanks your Honour; and I hope,
your Lordship will consider the simplicity of Parents, a
couple of old fooles my Lord, and I pray so take em.

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Abra.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Abra. I must be faine to excuse you heere, you'le needs be comming abroad with mee; if I had no more wit then you now we should be finely laugh'd at.

Inno. Berlady his worship saies well wife, wee'le trouble him no longer; with your Honors leaue, Ile in and see my old friend Sir *John*, your Father that shall be.

La. Nin. Ile in to, and see if your Bride need no dressing.

Exit Inno.

Con. Sfut as much as a Tripe I thinke, hast them I pray. Captain, what think'st thou of such a woman in a long Sea Voyage, where there were a dearth of Victuals?

Cap. Venison my Lord, Venison.

Pen. I faith my Lord, such Venison as a Beare is.

Cap. Hart, she lookes like a blacke Bumbard, with a pint pot waiting vpon it.

Exeunt Lady Wag.

Con. What Countymen were your Ancestors S. *Abra.*

Abra. Countymen, they were no Countymen, I scorne it, they were Gentlemen all, My Father is a *Ninnie*, and my Mother was a Hammer.

Cap. You should be a Knocker then by the Mothers side.

Abra. I pray my Lord, what is yon Gent. he looks so like a Sarazen, that as I am a Christian I cannot endure him.

Con. Take heed what you say Sir, hee's a Soldier.

Pen. If you crosse him, hee'l blow you vp with Gunpowder

Abra. In good faith, he lookes as if he had had a hand in the treason, Ile take my leaue.

Con. Nay good Sir Abraham, you shall not leaue vs.

Pen. My Lord shall be your warrant.

Abra. My Lord shall be my warrant: Troth I doo not see that a Lords warrant is better then any other mans, vnlesse it bee to lay one by the heeles. I shall stay heere, and ha my head broake; and then I ha my mends in my owne hands, and then my Lords warrant will helpe me to a plaster, that's all.

Count. Come, come, Captaine, pray shake the hand of acquaintance with this Gentleman, he is in bodily feare of you.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Cap. Sir, I vse not to bite any man.

Abra. Indeed Sir, that would shew you are no Gentleman, I would you would bid me be couer'd: I am a knight, I was Knighted a purpose to come a wooing to Mistris *Lucida*, the middle Sister, Sir *Iohn Worldyes* second daughter; and she saide she would haue mee, if I could make her a Ladie, and I can doe't now; Oh heere she comes.

Enter Sir Iohn Worldly, Maister Strange, Kate, and Lucida, with a Willow Garland.

Con. My Bride will neuer be readie I thinke: heere are the other Sisters.

Pen. Looke you my Lorde; There's *Lucida* weares the Willow Garland, for you; and will so go to Church I hear: and looke you Captaine, that's the Merchant.

Abra. Now doth the pot of Loue boile in my bosome; *Cupid* doth blow the fire; and I cannot Rime to bosome, but Ile go reason with her.

Wor. Youle make her ioynture of that five hundred you say, that is your inheritance, M. *Strange*?

Stra. Sir I will.

World. Kate, you do loue him?

Kate. Yes faith Father, with all my heart.

World. Take hands, kisse him, her portion is foure thousand. Good-morrow my sonne *Connt*, you stay long for your Bride; but this is the day that sels her, and shee must come forth like my Daughter, and your Wife.

I pray salute this Gentleman as your Brother,
This morne shall make him so; and though his habit
But speake him Cittizen, I know his worth
To be gentile in all parts. Captaine,

Cap. Sir.

World. Captaine, I could haue beene contented well
You should haue married *Kate*.

Kate. So could not *Kate*.

World. You haue an hono urable Title; a Souldier is a
ric

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

the honourable Title : A Captaine is a Commander of Soldiers ; But look you Captaine, Captaines haue no money, therefore the *Worldlies* must not match with Captaines.

Cap. So Sir, so.

World. There are braue warres.

Cap. Where?

World. Finde them out braue Captaine,
Win honor, and get monie by that time ;
Ile get a Daughter for my Noble Captaine.

Cap. Good Sir, good.

World. Honor is Honor, but it is no money, *Aspiciens*
This is the Tumbler then must catch the Coney. *Strange.*

Cap. Thou'rt an old fellow : Are you a Marchant Sir ?

Stra. I shame not to sayyes ? Are you a Souldier Sir ?

Abra. A Soldier Sir ; Oh God I, he is a Captaine.

Stra. He may be so, and yet no Souldier Sir :
For as many are Soldiers, that are no Captaines ; so manie
are Captaines that are no Soldiers.

Cap. Right Sir ; and as manie are Cittizens that are no
Cuckolds.

Stra. So, many are Cuckolds, that are no Cittizens.
What ayle you Sir, with your robustious looks ?

Cap. I would be glad to see for my money, I haue payde
for my standing.

Stra. You are the Nobler Captaine Sir :
For I know manie that vsurpe that name,
Whose standings pay for them.

Cap. You are a Pedler.

Stra. You are a Pot-gun.

Cap. Merchant, I would thou hadst an Iron Tale
Like me.

Con. Fie Captaine, you are too blame.

Pen. Nay, Gods will, you are too blame indeede, if my
Lord say so.

Cap. My Lord's an Ass, and you are another.

Abra. Sweete Mistris Luce ; let you and I withdraw, this
is his humor.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke:

Send for the Constable.

Cap. Sirra, Ile beate you with a pudding on the change.

Stra. Thou dar'st as wel kisse the wide mouthed Canon
At his discharging, or performe as much
As thou dar'st speake: For Souldier you shall know,
Some can vse swords, that weare em not for show.

Kate Why Captaine, though ye be a man of warre, you cannot subdue affection; you haue no alacritie in your eie, and you speake as if you were in a Dreame, you are of so melancholy and dull a disposition, that on my Conscience you would neuer get Children; Nay nor on my bodie neither: and what a sinne were it in me, and a most pregnant signe of Concupiscence, to marrie a man that wantes the mettall of Generation; since that is the blessing ordain'de for Marriage, procreation the onely end of it. Besides, if I could loue you; I shall be heer at home, and you in *Cleue-land* abroad; I among the bold Brittaines, and you among the hot shots.

World. No more puffing good Captaine; leaue batteries with your breath, the short is this:

This worthy *Count*, this Morning makes my Son;
And with that happie Marriage this proceeds:
Worldly's my Name, *Worldly* must be my deeds.

Cap. I will pray for Ciuill wars, to cut thy throat without danger Marchant,
I will turne Pyrate, but Ile be reueng'd on thee.

Stra. Do Captaine do, a halter will take vp our quarrel then.

Cap. Zoones, I will be reueng'd vpon ye all.
The strange aduenture th'art now to make
In that small Pinnace, is more perillous
Then any hazard thou could'st vndergo,
Remember a scorn'd Souldier tolde thee so.

Exit Captaine.

Stra. Go walke the Captaine good Sir Abraham.

Abra. Good faith Sir, I had rather walke your horse,
I will not meddle with him, I would not keepe him Com-
panie

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

nie in his drinke for a world.

World. But what good doo you Sir Abraham on my daughter,
I could be eⁿe content, my *Lucida*
Would skip your wit, and looke vpon your wealth,
And this one day let *Hymen* Crowne ye all.

Abra. Oh no, she laughes at me; and scornes my sute:
For she is wilder, and more hard withall,
Then Beast, or Bird, or Tree, or stonie wall.

Kate Ha, Godamercie old *Hieronimo*.

Abra. Yet might she loue me for my louely eies:

Count. I but perhaps your nose she doth despise.

Abra. Yet might she loue me for my dimpled chin:

Pend. I but she sees your Beard is verie thin.

Abra. Yet might she loue me for my proper bodie:

Stran. I, but she thinks you are an arrant Noddie.

Abra. Yet might she loue me, cause I am an heire:

World. I, but perhaps she does not like your ware.

Abra. Yet might she loue me in despite of all:

Luce. I, but indeed I cannot loue at all.

World. Well *Luce*, respect Sir Abraham I charge you.

Luce. Father, my vow is past: whilst the Earle liues

I neare will Marrie, nor will pine for him:

It is not him I loue now, but my humor.

But since my Sister he hath made his choise,

This wreath of Willow that begirts my browes,

Shall neuer leaue to be my Ornament

Till he be dead, or I be married to him.

Pen. Life my Lord, you had best marrie em all three,
Theyle neuer be content elie.

Count. I thinke so to.

World. These are impossibilities; Come, Sit *Abram*.
A little time will weare out this rash vow.

Abra. Shall I but hope?

Luce Oh, by no meanes. I cannot endure these round
Breeches, I am readie to found at em.

Kate The Hose are comely.

Luce

A Woman's a Wether-cocke:

Luce. And then his left Leg: I never see it, but I thinke
on a Plum-tree.

Abra. Indeed there's reason there should be some difference in my Legges, for one cost me twentie pound more then the other.

Luce. Introth both are not worth halfe the mony.

Count. I hold my life one of them was broake, and cost so much the healing.

Abr. Right hath your Lordship said, twas broke indeed, At footeball in the Vniuersitie.

Pen. I know he is in loue, by his Verse vaine.

Stra. He cannot hold out on't: you shall heare.

Abra. Well since I am disdain'd; off Garters blew;
VVhich signifies Sir *Abrams* loue was true.

Off Cypresse blacke, for thou befits not me;

Thou art not Cypresse, of the Cypresse Tree,

Befitting Louers: Out greene Shoo-strings out,

Wither in pocket, since my *Luce* doth pout;

Gush eyes, thumpe hand, swell heart, Buttons flie open,

Thankes gentle Dublet; else my heart had broken.

Now to thy Fathers Countrey house at *Babram*,

Ride post; There pine and die, poore, poore Sir *Abram*.

Omnes Oh dolefull dumpe. *Musicke* playes.

World. Nay you shall stay the wedding, Hark the Musick,

Your Bide is readie.

Con. Put Spirit in your Fingers; Lowder still,

And the vast Ayre with your enchantments fill. *Exeunt Om.*



Actus secundus. Scen. prima.

Enter Newill like a Parson.

THus for my friends sake haue I taken orders,
And with my reasons and some hyre besides:
VVon the knowne Priest, that was to Celebrate

This

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

This Marriage, to let me assume his place:
And heere's the Charracter of his face and beard,
By this meanes, when my friend confronts the Maide,
At the Church doore (where I appointed him
To meete him, like my selfe: for this strange shape
He altogether is vnwitting of)
If she (as one Vice in that sex alone
Were a great Vertue) to inconstancy past,
Ioyne impudency, and sleight him to his face,
Shewing a resolution to this match.
By this attempt it will be frustrate;
And so we haue more time, though but till night,
To worke to speake with her, or vse violence,
(For both my bloud and meanes are at his seruice.)
The reason too, I do this past his knowledge,
Is that his ioy may be the more compleat;
When being resolu'd shee's married and gone,
I can resolu'e him otherwise: Thus I know,
Good deeds shew double, that are timely done,
And ioy that comes past expectation.

Enter Scudmore in Tawny.

Yonder he comes, dead in his melancholy:
Ile question him, and see if I can raise
His Spirit from that, it restlesse rests vpon:
He cannot know me. Ho, Good-morrow Sir.

Scud. Good-morrow to no liuing thing but one,
And that is *Nenill*: Oh, the Vowes, the Vowes,
The protestations and becomming Oaths
Which she has vtter'd to me, so sweet, so many,
As if she had beene couetous, not to leaue
One word for other Louers, which I pittied.
She saide indeede I did deserue em all;
Her lips made swearings sound of piety,
So sweet and prettily they came from her:
And yet this Morne shee's married to a Lord.
Lord, Lord, how often has she kist this hand,
Lost her selfe in my eyes, plaid with my haire,

And

A Woman's a Wether-cocke,

And made me (a sinne I am not, subiect too)
Go away prou'd, emproued by her fauors,
And yet this Morne shee's married to a Lord.
The Bels were ringing as I came along.

New. Yes Sir, tis for the great Marriage twixt

Scud. Pray hold there, I know it too well.

The Tokens and the Letters I haue still:

The dangers I haue past for her deere sake,

By day and night to satisfie her wishes;

That Letter I so lately did receiue,

And yet this Morne shee's married to a Lord:

Oh memory, thou blessing to all men,

Thou art my curse and cause of misery,

That tel'st me what I haue bin in her eyes,

and what I am: as it is impossible

To find one good in the whole word of women:

But how I loose my selfe, and the remembrance

Of my deere friend, who said he would meet me heere.

What is this Priest that walkes before the Church?

Why walke you heere so earely, Sir?

New. I am appointed,

Heere to attend the comming of the Brides,

Old Sir *John Worldyes* Daughters.

Scud. Are there two?

Ne. Yes Sir, the eldest marries Count *Erederick*,

Scud. Oh,

New. The middlemost weares willow for his sake,

The youngest marries the rich Merchant *Strange*.

Scud. He is right worthy, and my well knowne friend.

But Parson, if you marry *Bellafront*,

The horror of thy Conscience shall exceed

A Murtherers; Thou shalt not walke alone,

Nor eate, nor sleepe, but a sad Louers grones

and curfies, shall appeare and fright thy foule:

I tell thee Priest, they're sights, more terrible

Then Ghosts or Sprights, of which old wiues tell Tales,

Thou shalt run mad, thou shalt be damn'd indeed.

New. Now God forefend, the reason Sir I pray?

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Scud. She is contracted Sir, nay married
Vnto another man, though it want forme:
And such strange passages and mutuall Vowes,
T'would make your short haire start through your blacke
Cap, should you but heare it.

New. Sir, Ile take no notice
Of things, I do not know the intur'd Gentleman,
May bring em after into the Spirituall Court,
and haue a faire pull on't, a poore Gentleman,
(For so I take him by his being deceiu'd)
Gainst a great Count, and an old wealthy Knight.

Scud. Thou Pancridge Parson; Oh, for my friend *Newil*,
Some wile or other might remoue this Priest,
and giue vp breathing to crosse their intent.

New. Alas my deere friend.

Scud. Sir, do but you refuse To ioyne em.

New. Vpon what acquaintance Sir?
They are great persons, and I meane to rise,
I hope in time to haue three liuings man,
and this were not the way I take it Sir.

Scud. Why looke thee, there is Gold.

New. Oh by no meanes.

Scud. I seldome knew't refusd, yet by thy Coate;
But where it would haue bin a cause of good.

Ne. But looke ye, you shall see I'me a Deuine,
Of Conscience quite opposite to a Lawyer,
Ile giue you Counsell Sir without a fee:
This way they are to come, if you dare doo't,
Challenge her as your owne, at the Church doore,
I will not hinder you.

Musicke plays.

Scud. Oh harken they come,

Newil my friend, well I must something do:
Oh, why should Musicke, which ioyes euerie part,
Strike such sharpe killing discords to my hart?

Musicke. Enter Sir Iohn Worldly, who meets the Parson, &
entertaines him. Count, Bellafront, Strange, Kath. Lucida,
with Willow Pendant, Sir Inno: Ninnie, my Ladie Ninnie,
Mrs. Wagstale, S. Abram Melancholy. W.P. walk gracely

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

before all softly on. Scudmore stands before, and a Boy sings to the tune d Musicke.

The Song.

They that for worldly wealth do wed,
That buy and sell the Marriage bed:
That come not warm'd with the true fire,
Resolv'd to keepe this Vow entire.

To soone finde discontent,

To soone shall they repent.

But Hymen these are no such Louers,

Which by burning Torch discovers:

Though they live then many a yeare,

Let each day as new appeare

As this first; and delights

Make of all Bridall Nights:

To Hymen give Consent,

Blessed are the Marriages that nere repent.

Count. How now, who's this?

Pen. Young Scudmore.

Om. Tis young Scudmore.

Scud. Canst thou this holy Church enter a Bride,
And not a Coarse meeting these eyes of mine.

Bella. Yes, by my troth, what are your eies to me,
But gray ones, as they are to euerie body,
The Gentleman I do a little know:

Hee's franticke sure, forward a Gods name there.

Luce. Sister, this is not well, and will be worse.

Scud. Oh hold thy Thunder fast.

Count. What is the matter?

Pen. He aske my Lord: What is the matter Sir.

World. Some ydle words my Lord, may be haue past
Twixt Scudmore, and my Daughter heeretofore,
And he has dreamt em things of consequence.

Pen. Pish, nothing else; set forward.

Wen. By your leave.

Scud.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Scud. Can there be such a soule in such a shape,
My Loue is subiect of such miserie,
Such strange impossibilities and mis-fortune,
That men will laugh at me, when I relate
The Storie of it, and conceiue I lye.

Why Madain that shall be, Lady in *Posse*, do *Tules*,
Honors, and Fortunes, make you so forgetfull?

Bell. You are insolent, nay strangely sawcie Sir,
To wrong me in this publicke fashion.

World. Sirrha, go too, there's Law.

Scud. There is indeede,
And Conscience too, old *worldly* thou hast one;
But for the other, wilde *Virginia*,
Blacke *Affricke*, or the shaggy *Scithia*,
Must send it ouer as a Merchandize,
Ere thou shew any heere.

Pen. My honor'd Lord,
Say but the word, Ile force him from the doore.

Count. I say the word, do it.

Scud. You my Lords fine foole?

Abra. I he Sir.

Scud. No, nor you my Lord fooles foole.

Nin. Ware Boy, come backe.

Lady. Come back I say Sir *Abraham*, *Intrant Templum*.

Stra. Tis such a forward child.

Scud. My passion and my cause of grieffe's so great,
That it hath drown'd all worthy parts in me:
As drinke makes Vertues vselesse in a man,
And with too much, kills naturall heat in him,
Or else I could not stand thus coldly tame,
and see them enter; but with my drawne sword
Should haile her by the haire vnto the Altar,
and Sacrifice her heart to wronged loue.

Kate. On my life tis so.

Stra. Worthy friend, I am exceeding sorrie to see this,
But cannot helpe it.

Scud. Ile follow, and vnfold all in the Church.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke. A

Alas, to what end, since her minde is chang'd,
 Had she bin loyall, all the earthly Lords
 Could not haue borne her; so, what hainous sinne
 Hath she committed, God should leaue her then:
 I neuer dreamt of lying with my Mother,
 Nor wish't my Fathers death, nor hated Brothers;
 Nor did betray Trust, nor lou'd money better
 Then an accepted friend; No such base thought,
 Nor act vnnaturall, posselt this breast:
 Why am I thus rewarded women, women?
 Hee's mad by Heauen, that thinkes you any thing
 But sensuall Monsters, and is neuer wise
 Nor good, but when he hates you, as I now,
 Ile not come neere one, none of your base sex
 Shall know me from this time, for all your Vertues
 are like the Buzzes, growing in the fields,
 So Weakely fastned te'e, by Natures hand,
 That thus much winde blowes all away at once,
 Ye fillers of the world with Bastardy,
 Worse then Diseases you are subiect too,
 Know I do hate you all, will write against you,
 and fight against you; I will eat no meate
 Drest by a woman old or young, nor sleepe
 Vpon a bed, made by their still giuen hands;
 Yet once more must I see this Foeminine Diuell,
 When I will looke her dead, speake her to hell;
 Ile watch my time, this day to doo't, and then
 Ile be in loue with death, and readier still
 His mortall stroke to take, then he to kill.

Cornets.

Exit Sould.

*Loud Musicke. Enter as from the Church, Worldly, Nevill
 like the Parson. Count, Bellefront, Strange, Katherine, Sir
 Inno: Ninnie, Lady Ninnie, Sir Abra: Lucida,
 Wagtaile, Pendant, Pontes meeres*

Count. Sweet is the loue purchast with difficulty.

Bell. Then this Crosse accident doth relish ours.

Strange.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Stra. I rather thinke ours happier my faire Kate,
Where all is smooth, and no rub checkes our course.

Ent. Capitaine. *Cap.* Are ye married?

Count. Yes.

Cap. The Deuill dance at your wedding: but for you I
haue something else to say, let me see, heere are reasona-
ble store of people, know all my beloued Brethren, (I speak
it in the face of the Congregation) this woman I haue lyen
with oftener.

Om. How?

La: Nin. Before God, you are a wicked fellow to speak
on't in this manner, if you haue.

Stra. Lyen with her.

Cap. Yes, Good-morrow, God giue ye ioy. *Exit.*

World. I am speechlesse with my anger, follow him,
If it be true, let her be prou'd a Whore;
If false, he shall abide the slander deere.

Abra. Follow that list, I will not meddle with him.

World. Why speak'st thou not, to reconcile those looks
That fight sterne battels in thy husbands face.

Kate. Thou art not so vnworthy to beleue him;
If I did thinke thou didst, I would not open
My lips, to satisfie so base a thought,
Sprung from the slander of so base a Slaue.

Stra. It cannot be, Ile tell you by to morrow;
I am no Foole Kate, I will finde some time
To talke with this same Capitaine, *Ponts de'e* call him,
Ile lye we'e to night.

Kate. Sir you shall not:
What staine my Honor hath recei'd by this
Base Villaine, all the world takes notice of,
Marke what I Vow, and if I keepe it not,
May I be so giuen o're, to let this Rogue
Performe his slander; Thout that wert ordain'd,
And in thy Cradle markt to call me wife,
And in that Title made as my defence,
Yet suffered'st him to go away with life,

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Wounding my Honor dead before thy face.
Redeeme it on his head, and his owne way,
Euen by the sword his long profession,
And bring it on thy necke out of the field:
and set it cleere amidst the tongues of men;
That all eyes may diseerne it slandered,
Or thou shalt neare enioy me as a wife:
By this bright Sun thou shalt not; Nay Ile thinke
As abiectly of thee, as any Mongrill
Bred in the Citty; Such a Cittizen
as the Playes flout still, and is made the subiect
Of all the stages. Be this true or no,
Tis thy best course to fight.

World. Why Kate I say.

Kate. Pray pardon me, none feeles the smart but I,
Tis thy best course to fight, if thou be'st still,
and like an honest Tradesman eat't this wrong:
Oh, may thy Spirit and thy state so fall,
Thy first borne childe may come to the Hospitall.

Stra. Heauen I desire thee heare her last request,
and graunt it to, if I do slacke the first;
By thy assured Innocencie I sweare,
Thou hast lost me halfe the Honor I shall win,
In speaking my intent, Come lets to dinner.

Kate. I must not eate nor sleepe, weepe till't be done.

Bell. Sister, this resolution is not good,
Ill thrives that Marriage that begins in blood.

Kate. Sister, informe your selfe, I haue no Ladyship
To guild my infamie, or keepe tongues in awe:
If God loue Innocencie, I am sure he shall not
Loose in this action.

Stra. Nor ist the others life,
Can giue het to the world my perfect wife,
But what I do conceiue. It is not blood then
Which she requires, but her good name againe,
and I will purchase it; for by heauen thou art
The excellent'st new fashion'd Maide in this,

That

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

That ieuer eare shall heare a Tale told off.

Omnes But heare ye.

Stran. Good, saue your labors, for by Heauen Ile doo't
If I doo't not, I shall be pointed at,
Proclaind the Grand Rich Cuckold of the Towne ;
Nay Wittall, euen by them are knowne for both.

World. Take your reuenge by Law.

Stean. It will be thought

Your greatnesse, and our money carries it :
For some say some men on the backe of Law,
May ride and rule it like a patient Assc,
And with a Golden Bridle in the mouth,
Direct it vnto any thing they please.
Others report, it is a Spiders web
Made to intangle the poore helpelesse Flies,
Whilst the great Spiders that did make it first,
and rule it, sit'th midst secure and laugh,
My Law in this shall onely be my sword,
But peraduenture not this month or two.

Kate. This month or two.

Count. Ile be your second then.

Stran. You proffer too much honor, my good Lord.

Pen. And I will be your third.

Abra. Ile not be fourth, nor fift,

For the old Prouerbe's good, which long hath bin,
Sayes safest tis sleeping in a whole skin.

Luci. Godamercy *Nab*, Ile ha thee, and bee but for thy
manhood.

Inno. Wife, my Ladie *Ninnie*, do ye heare your Son, he
speakes seldome, but when he speakes.

Luci. He speakes Prouerbes Efaith.

Lady. Oh, tis a pestlence Knight Mistris *Lucida*.

Luci. I and a pocky.

Kate. This month or two, de'e loue me, not before,
It may be I will liue so long Fames Whore. *Exit Kath.*

World. What lowring Starre rul'd my Natiuity,
Youle come to dinner?

A Woman's a Wether-cocke:

Stran. Yes.

Count. Good-morrow brother,
Come, let's be merry in despite of all,
And make this day (as t'should be) festiuall.

World. This sowre thwart beginning may portend
Good, and be crown'd with a delicious end.

Exeunt all but Strange.

Str. So, Ile not see you till my taske be done,
So much false time I set to my intent,
Which instantly I meane to execute,
To cut off all meanes of preuention,
Which if they knew my day, they would assay :
Now for the Merchants honor, hit all right,
Kate, your yong *Strange* wil lie with you to night. *Exit.*

*Enter Wagtaile, the Page stealing after her, conceales
himselfe.*

Wag. What a stir is heere made about lying with a Gentlewoman, I haue beene lien with, a hundered and a hundred times, and nothing has come on't, but haulke, hum, haulke, hum, oh, oh. Thus haue I done for this month or two, haulke, hum.

Page. Ah Gods will, are you at it, you haue acted your Name too much, sweete Mistris *Wagtaile*, this was wittily, though somewhat knauishly followed on me.

Mrs. Wag. Vnh, a my Conscience I am pepper'd, well thou tumblest not for nothing, for hee Daunces as well that got thee, and playes as well on the Violl, and yet hee must not Father thee, I haue better men ; let mee remember them, and heere in my Melancholy, choose out one Rich enough, to rewarde this my stale Virginitie ; or fitte enough, to marrie my little Honestie ; Haulke, hauke.

Page. Shee has a shrowde reach, I see that, what a casting shee keepe, marrie my Comfort is, wee shall heare by and by, who has giuen her the Casting Bottle.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

cle.

Wag. Hawk, hawke, hawke, bitter, bitter, pray God I hurt not the Babe : Well, let mee see, Ile beginne with Knightes, *Inprimis*, Sir *John Doot-well*, and Sir *William Burnit*.

Page. A hot Knight by my Faith, *Dootwell* and *Burnit* too.

Wag. For old Sir *Innocent Ninnie*, my Maister, if I speak my Conscience looke yee, I cannot directly accuse him, much has hee been about, but done nothing ; marrie for S. *Abraham*, I will not altogether quit him, let me see, theres foure Knights, now for Gentlemen.

Page. And so shee'le come downe to the footmen.

Wag. Maister *Louall*, Maister *Lineby't*, and M. *Pendant*, huke, hi, vp, hi, vp.

Page. By this light I haue heard enough, shall I holde your belly too, faire Maide of the fashion ?

Wag. What say ye lacke Sawce ?

Page. Oh fie, ill Mutton, you are too angry ; why look ye, I am my Lordes *Page*, and you are my Ladies Gentlewoman, wee should agree better, and I pray whether are you riding with this burthen in your Doffser.

Wag. Why Sir, out of Towne, I hope tis not the firste time you haue scene a child carried out of Town in a Doffser ; for feare of the Plague.

Page. You haue answer'd mee I promise you, but who put it in I pray.

Wag. Not you Sir, I know by your asking.

Page. I, alas, I know that by my Talent ; for I remember thus much Philosophie of my Schoole-Maisters, *Ex nihilo nihil fit* ; but come, setting this Duello of wit aside, I haue ouer-hearde your Confession, and your casting about for a Father, and introth in meere Charitie, came in to relieue you. In the scrowle of Beasts, Horses, and Asses, that haue fedde vpon this Common of yours, you named one *Pendant*, Faith VVench let him be the Father, hee is a verie handsome Gentleman I can tell you, in my Lordes

A Woman's a Wether-cocke:

fauour, Ile be both secret and your friend, to my Lord, let it be him, he shall either reward thee bountifully, or marrie thee.

Wag. Sir you speake like an vnderstanding young Gentleman, and I acknowledge my selfe much bounde to you for your Counsell.

Pen. Will, Will.

Within.

Page My Lord has sent him to call mee, now I holde a wager ont, if thou beest not a Foole, as most waighting weomen are, thou'lt vse him in his kind.

Enter Pendant.

Pen. Why *Will* I say, go, my Lord calls extreainely,

Page. Did not I say so, Come this is but a trick to send me off Sir.

Exit Page.

Pend. A notable little Rascall,
Prettis Mistris *Wagtail*: why de'e walke so melancholy, I sent him hence a purpose; Come shals do?

Wag. Do, what would you do, you haue done too much alreadie.

Pen. What's the matter.

Wag. I am with childe by you.

Pen. By me? why by me? e good iest ifaith.

Wag. Youle finde it Sir in earnest.

Pend. Why, do you thinke I am such an Ass to belceue nobody has medled with you, but I.

Wag. Do you wrong me so much to thinke otherwise. This tis for a poore Damsell like my selfe,
To yeeld her Honour and her youth to any,
Who strait conceaues she does so vnto many,
and as I haue a soule to saue, tis true.

Pen. Pray do not sweare, I do not vrge you too't;
*Zoon*es, now I am vndone; you walke somewhat rounde,
Sweet-hart, has Nobody bin tampering with you els, think ont, for by this light, I am not worth the estate of an Apple wife, I do liue vpon commending my Lord, the Lorde of hoasts knowes it; and all the world besides, forme to marrie thee, will vndo thee more,

and

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

and that thou maist keepe me, keepe thee in fashion,
Sell thee to English, French, to Scot, and all,
Till I haue brought thee to an Hospitall:

and there I leaue you, ha you not heard nor read,
Of some base slaue, that wagging his faire head,
Does whistling at one end of his shop walke,
VWhilst some Gay-man doth vomit bawdy talke
In his wiues eares at the other; such a Rogue or woorse
shall I be: For looke ye Mistris *Wagtaile*, I doo liue like a
Chamelion vpon the ayre, and not like a Moale vppon the
earth, Land I haue none, I pray God send me a graue when
I am dead.

Wag. Its all one, Ile haue you for your qualities.

Pen. For my good ones, they are altogether vnknown,
because they haue not yet bin scene, nor euer will bee, for
they haue no being, in plaine tearmes, as God helpe me, I
haue none.

Wag. How, came you by your good cloths.

Pen. By vndoing Taylors, and then my Lord (like a Snake)
casts a sute euerie quarter, which I slip into; therefore, thou
art worse then mad, if thou wilt cast away thy self vpon me

Wag. Why, what mends will you make me, can you giue
me some sum of money to marrie me to some Tradesman,
as the play saies.

Pen. No by my troth: but tell mee this, has not Sir *A-*
braham bin familiar with you.

Wag. Faith, not enough to make vp a childe.

Pen. Couldst bee content to marrie him.

Wag. I by my troth, and thanke ye too,

Pen. Has he but kist thee?

Wag. Yes, and something more beside that.

Pen. Nay, and there ha bene any iot of the thing, be-
side that, Ile warrant thee, lay the childe to him, stand stiff-
ly to it, leaue the rest to me,

By that Foole thou shalt saue thy honestie.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Actus 3. scen. Prima.

Enter Strange, knocking at a doore. Enter a Servingman.

Stran. Yes Captaine Powts heere pray?

Ser. Sir he does.

Stran. I prethee tell him heere's a Gentleman
Would speake with him.

Ser. What may I call your name Sir?

Stra. No matter for my name.

Ser. Troth Sir, the Captaine is somewhat doubtfull of
strangers; and being as most Captaines are, a little in debt,
I know he will not speake with you, vnlesse you send your
Name.

Stra. Tell him my name is *Strange*, that I am come
About that businesse he spake off to day. *Exit Seruant.*
To haue sent a formall Challenge by a Gentleman,
He being to choose his time, might peraduenture
Haue made him shift himselfe the sooner over.

Enter Powts above.

Powts. Sir, I know your businesse, you are come to serue
a warrant, or a Scitation, I will not speake with you: and
get you gone quickly too, or I may happen send a Bullet
through your Mazard. *Exit.*

Stran. Strange Crosse, past expectation: well Ile try,
My other course may speed more happily. *Exit.*

Musicke.

*Enter with Table Napkins. Count, Worldly, Newill,
Pendant, Sir Innocent, Lady, Sir Abra-
ham, Seruants with wine, Plate,
Tobacco and pipes.*

World. Sir, had you borne vs company to Church,
You had beene the better welcome.

Count. Faith you had, I must needs say so to.

Pend.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Pen. And I must needs say as my Lord saies.

Nen. Sir *John* I thanke you, and my honor'd Lord :
But I am sorrie for this other Newes
Concerning Mistris *Kate*, and my good friend.

World. Tis certaine true: He keepes his word well too,
He saide he would come to dinner.

Lady. All we cannot get M. *Katherine* out of hir chamber.

World. Oh good old woman, she is topshackeld.

Lady. Tis pestlence Sacke, and cruell Clarret. Knight,
stand to me Knight I say, vp, a cold stomacke; giue me my
Aqua-vitæ bottle.

Inno. Oh *Guiniver*, as I am a Iustice of peace and Co-
rain, t'were a good deed to commit thee, Fic, fie, fie.

Sir Abra. Why alas, I cannot helpe this and I should
bee hang'd, shee'le bee as drunke as a Porter: Ile tell
you my Lorde, I haue seene her so bepisse the Rushes,
as shee has danc'd at a Wedding: Her bellie, and that
Aqua-vitæ bottle, haue almost vndone my Father: VVell
I thinke in Conscience, shee is not my naturall begotten
Mother.

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Luce. Well said my wise Sir *Abrabam*.

Count. Oh this Musicke
and good Wine is the soule of all the world.

World. Come, wil your Lordship make one at Primero,
vntill your Bride come foorth.

Nen. You can play well my Lord.

Count. VVho I?

Pend. VVho my Lord, the onelie player at Primero i'th
Court.

Abra. I'de rather play at Bowles.

Pen. My Lords for you for that too: the onely Bowler
in London, that is not a Churchwarden.

Luce. Can he fence well too M. *Pendam*? (hit you.

Pen. Who my Lord? the only Fencer in Christendom, hee?

Luce. He shall not hit me, I assure you now.

Nen. Is he good at the exercise of drinking Sir?

Pend.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Pen. Who my Lord; the onely Drunkard i'th *VV*orld,
drinker I would say.

Luci. Godamercie for that.

Nen. I would he heard him.

Abra. I know a better *VV*horemaister then he.

Nen. Oh fie no, none so good as my Lord.

Pen. Hardly, berladie, hardlie.

Count. How now, whose this?

Enter Scudmore like a Seruingman, with a Letter.

World. *VV*hat would you?

Scud. I would speake with the Ladie *Bellafront*,
From the young Ladie *Lucie*.

World. You had best send in your Letter, shee is with-
drawne.

Scud. My Ladie gaue me charge of the deliucry,
And I must doo't my selfe, or cartie it backe.

World. A trustie seruant, that way leads you to her.

Count. This trust in Seruants is a Iewell; Come,
Let vs to Bowles i'th Garden. *Exeunt*

Scud. Blessed fate.

*Scudmore passeth one doore, and entereth the other, where
Bellafront sits in a Chaire, under a Taffata*

Canopie,

Scud. Oh thou, whose words and actions seemd to me,
As innocent as this smooth sleepe, which hath
Lockt vp thy powers: would thou hadst slept, when first
Thou sent'st and profferedst me beautie and loue:
I had bin ignorant then of such a losse,
Happie's that wretch in my opinion,
That neuer ownd scarce Iewels, or bright Somes,
He can loose nothing but his constant wants:
But speakelesse is his plague, that once had store,
and from superfluous state fals to be poore:
Such is my hell-bred hap, could Nature make
So faire a superficies, to enclose
So false a heart; This is like gilded Tombes,
Compacted of Iet Pillars, Marble stones,

*VV*hich

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Which hide from's stinking Flesh, and rotten bones;
Pallas so fat (methinkes) in *Hectors* Tent;
But time so precious and so dangerous
Why do I loose thee? Madam, my Lady, Madam!

Bella. Belceue me my deare friend, I was enforst: Ha,
I had a Dreame as strange as thou art fellow;
How cam'st thou hether? What's thy businesse?

Scud. That Letter Madam tels you.

Bell. Letter: Ha?

What doost thou mocke me? Heere is nothing writ.

Scud. Can you read any thing then in this face?

Bell. Oh Basiliske, remooue thee from my sight,
Or thy harts bloud shall pay thy rash attempt.
Ho, Who attends vs there?

Scud. Stirre not a foote,
And stop your clamorous acclamations,
Or by the bitternesse of my fresh wrongs,
Ile send your Ladiship to the Deuill quicke;
I know the hazard I do vndergo,
and whatsoere after becomes of me,
Ile make you sure first: I am come to speake,
and speake I will freely, and to bring backe
Your Letters, and such things you sent; and then,
Ile nere see those deceiuing eyes agen.

Bell. Oh, I am sicke of my corruption,
For God sake do not speake a word more to me.

Scud. Not speake, yes woman, I will rore a lowd,
Call thee the falsest faire that euer breath'd,
Tell thee, that in this marriage, thou hast drown'd
All vertue, left to credit thy weake sex;
which being (as t'were) committed to thy trust,
Thou traiterously hast betraid it thus.
Did I intice, or euer send thee guifts
To allure thee, to reflect a beame on me?
Nay, didst not thou thy selfe send and inuent
Past humane wit, our meanes of intercourse?
Why dost thou then proue base vnto thy selfe,

A Woman's a Wether-cocke

Periur'd and impious, know the good thou hast lost
In my opinion ; doth outvalue farre
The airy honors thou art married too.

Bell. Oh peace, for you speake sharpnesse to my soule
More tortuous, then hels plagues to the damn'd,
For loue sake heare me speake.

Scud. For loues sake, no:
Loue is my surfet, and is turn'd in me
To a disease.

Bell. Tyrant, my knees shall beg,
Till they get liberty for my tongue to speake,
Drown'd almost in the Riuer of mine eyes.

Scud. What canst thou say, art thou not married?

Bell. Alas I was enforst, first by the threats
Of a seuerer Father, that in his hand
Did gripe my fortunes; next to that, the fame
Of your neglect, and liberall tongue,
Which bred my honour an eternall wrong.

Scud. Pish, these are painted causes, till this Morne
He liu'd not in this land, that durst accuse
My intergritie, of such an ignorance.
But take your Letters heere, your paper Vowes,
Your Picture, and your Bracelets: and if euer
I build againe vpon a womans faith,
May sence forsake me: I will sooner trust
Dice, or a reconciled enemy: Oh God,
VWhat an internall ioy my heart has felt,
Sitting at one of these same idle playes,
When I haue seene a Maids inconstancie
Presented to the life; how glad my eies
Haue stole about me, fearing least my lookes
Should tell the companie contented there,
I had a Mistris free of all such faults.

Bell. Oh! still retaine her, deare *Scudmore* heare me.

Scud. Retaine thee so, it is impossible,
Art thou not married? Tis impossible,
Oh no! I do despise thee, and will flie

A Woman's a Weather-cock.

As far on earth as to the *Antipodes*, from say, *Hesperia*
and by some learn'd Magitian, whose deepe art
Can know thy residence on this Hemisphere;
There Ile be plac'd, my fete iust against thine,
To expresse the opposite Nature, which our hearts
Must henceforth hold.

Bell. Oh rather shoot me friend,
Then let me heare thee speake such bitternesse,
Oh pittie me, redeeme from the hell
That in this Marriage I am like to feele,
He rather flye to barren wildernesles,
and suffer all waixs with thee *Sadmore*, then
Liue with all plentie in this husbands armes,
Thou shalt perceiue I am not such a woman,
That is transported with vaine dignities,
Oh thy deare words haue knockt at my harts gates,
and entred: They haue pluckt the Diuels Vizard,
(That did deforme this face, and blinde my soule)
Off, and thy *Bellafront* presents her selfe,
(Lau'd in a Bath of contrite Virginnall teares,)
Cloath'd in the Originall beaurie that was thine:
Now for thy loue to God, count this not done,
Let time go backe, and be as when before it,
Or from thy memorie receiue it for euer. (*framd.*)

Scud. Ha, ha, ha, was there euer such strange creatures
Why dost thou speake such foolish sencelesse things?
Can thy forsaking him redeeme thy fault?
No, I will neuer mend an ill with worse.
Why this example will make women false,
When they shall heare it, that before were true,
For after ill examples we do fly,
But must be vow'd to deeds of piety.
Oh woman, woman, woman, woman, woman,
The cause of future and Originall sinne,
How happy (had you not) should we haue beene,
False where you kisse, but murdering in your ire,
Loue all that woe, know all men you defile.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Vngratefull, yet most impudent to craue,
 Torturous as hell, insatiate as the graue.
 Lustfull as Monkeys, grinning in your case,
 Whom if we make not Idols, we neare please.
 More vainly proud then fooles, as ignorant,
 Baser then Parasites, Witches that enchant
 And make vs sencelesse, to thinke death or life
 Is yours to giue, when onely our beleefe
 Doth make you able to deceiue vs so,
 Begot by Drunkards, to breed sin and wo,
 As many foule diseases hide your vaines,
 as there are mischiefes coin'd in your quicke braines;
 Not quicke in wit, fit to performe least good,
 But to subuert whole States, shed Seas of blood;
 Twice as deceitfull as are Crocodiles,
 For you betray both waies; with teares and smiles,
 Yet questionlesse there are as good, as bad:
 Hence, let me go.

Bell. Heare me, and thou shalt go:
 I do confesse I do deserue all this,
 Haue wounded all the faith my sex doth owe,
 But will recover it, or pay my life:
 Striue not to go, for you shall heare me first,
 I charge thee *Scudmore*, thou hard-hearted man,
 Upon my knees: thou most implacable man,
 Since penitence
 and satisfaction to, gets not thy pardon,
 I charge thee vse some meanes to set me free,
 Before the Reuels of this night haue end,
 Preuent my entering to this marriage bed;
 Or by the memorie of *Lucretia's* knife,
 Ere Morne Ile die a Virgin, though a wife. *Exit.*

Scud. Pish do, the world will haue one mischiefe lesse,

Enter Sir Abraham throwing downe his Bowles.

Abra. Bowle they that list, for I will Bowle no more,
Cupid that little Bowler in my brest

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Rubs at my heart, and will not let me rest.
Rub, rub, within, flye, flye.

I, I, you may crie rub, flye to your Bowles,
 For you are free, loue troubles not your iowles,
 But from my head to heele; from heele to hart,
 Behind, before, and round about I smart,
 Then in this Arbor sitting all alone,
 In dolefull Dittie, let me howle my mone.
 Oh Boy, leaue pricking for I vaile my Bonnet,
 Giue me but breath while I do write a Sonnet.

Enter Pendant

Pen. I haue lost my monie, and Sir *Abraham* too, yonder he sits at his Muse by heauen, drownd in the Ocean of his loue, Lord how hee labours, like a hard bounde Poet, whose braines had a frost in em, now it comes.

Abra. I die, I sigh.

Pend. What after you are dead? Verie good,

Abra. I die, I sigh, thou precious stonie Jewell.

Pen. Good: because she is hard-hearted.

Abra. I die.

Pen. He has said three times, and come againe:

Abra. I sigh thou precious stonie Jewell,
 Wearing of filke, why art thou still so cruell.

Pe. Oh *Newington* conceit, and quieting elie.

Abra. Thy seruant *Abraham* sends this foolish Dittie.

Pen. You say true intruch Sir.

Abra. Thy Seruant *Abra.* sends this foolish Dittie
 Tie vnto thee, pittie both him and it.

Pen. Tie vnto thee: well, if shee, do not pittie both, tis pittie she should liue.

Abra. But if thou still wilt poore Sir *Abra.* frump at this.
 Come grim death come, heere giue thy mortall thump.
 So now he read it together.

I die, I sigh, thou precious stonie Jewell,
 Oh wherefore wearst thou Silke, yet art so cruell:
 To thee thy *Winnie* sends this foolish Dittie
 Tie, and pittie both him and it,

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

If thou denie, and still Sir *Abraham* frumpe, you needst
Come grim death come, heere giue thy mortall thumpe.
Let mee see, who shall I get now, to set too a dumpish
Note.

Pen. In good faith I doe not know, but Nobody that is
wise, I am sure of that. It will be an excellen matter sung
to the knocking of the tongues. But to my businesse, God
saue the right Worthy and Woorshipfull Sir *Abraham*:
what musing and writing: oh, this loue will vndoo vs all,
and that made me preuent loue, and vndoo my selfe: but
what newes of Mistris *Lucida*, ha, will shee not come off,
nor cannot you come on little *Abraham*.

Abra. Faith, I haue courted her, and courted her: and
she does as euerie bodie else does, laughs at all I can doo
or say.

Pen. Laughes, why that's a signe she is pleas'd; doe you
not know when a woman laughs, shees pleas'd.

Ab. I but she laughs most shamefully, & most scornfully.

Pend. Scornfully, hang her, shees but a bable.

Abra. Shees the fitter for my turne Sir, for they will not
sticke to say, I am a foole for all I am a Knight.

Pen. Loue has made you witty little *Nab*, but what a
mad villaine art thou, a striker, a fiftieth part of *Hercules*,
to get one VVench with Childe, and go a wooing to ano-
ther.

Abra. With child, a good iest efaith, whom haue I got
with child.

Pen. Why Mistris *Wagtail* is with childe, and will bee
depos'd as yours, she is my Kinswoman, and I wold be loth
our house should suffer any disgrace in her, if there be law
in England, which there should be, if wee may judge by
their Consciences, or if I haue any friendes, the VVench
shall take no wrong, I cannot tell, I thinke my Lorde will
sticke to me.

Abra. De'e heare, talke not to me of Friends, Lawe, or
Conscience, if your Kinswoman say she is with Childe by
me, your Kinswoman is an arrant whore; Vds-will, haue
you

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

you nobodie to put your Guls vpon but Knights? That Wagtaile is a whore, and he stand to it.

Pen. Nay, you haue stood to it alreadie; but to call my Cozen whore, you haue not a minde to haue your throat cut: ha you?

Abra. Truth no great minde Sir.

Drawes his sword.

Pen. Recant your words, or die.

Abra. Recant, oh base; out sword, my honor keepe, Loue, thou hast made a Lyon of a Sheepe.

Pen. But will you fight in this quarrell.

Abra. I am resolu'd.

Pen. Hart, I haue puld an olde house ouer my heade; heeres like to bee a tall fray, I perceiue a foole's valianter then a Knaue at all times, would I were well ridde of him, I had as liue meet *Hector*. God knowes, if he dare fight at all: they are all one to mee, or to speake more modernly, with one of the Roaring Boyes.

Abra. Haue you done your prayers?

Pen. Pray giue me leaue Sir, put vp an'r please you: are you sure my Cossen *Wagtaile* is a Whore?

Abra. With sword in hand I do it not recant.

Pen. VVell, it shall neuer bee saide *Iacke Pendant* would venter his blood in a VWhores quarrell: but VVhore or no VVhore, she is most desperately in Loue with you, praises your head, your face, your nose, your eies, your mouth; the fire of her commendations, makes the pottes of your good parts runne ouer; and to conclude, if the whore haue you not, I thinke the Pond at Islington, will bee her Bathing-tubbe, and giue an ende to mortall Miseric, but if shee belye you (pray put vppe Sir:) she is an arrant whore, and so let her go.

Abra. Does she so loue me say you?

Pen. Yes, yes, out of all question the whore does loue you abhominable.

Abra.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Abra. No more of these foule termes if she do loue me,
That goes by fate, I know it by my selfe,
Ile not denie but I haue dallied with her.

Pen. I, but hang her whoore, dallying will get no Chil-
dren.

Abra. Another whore, and draw; where is the Gille.

Pen. Condouling her misfortune in the Gallery,
Vpon the rushes, sitting all alone,
and for Sir *Abrahams* loue venting her mone.

Abra. I know not what to say, Fates aboue all,
Come lets go ouer-heare her, be this true,
Welcome my *Wagtail*, scornfull *Luce* adue. *Exit.*

Pen. One way it takes yet, tis a Fooles condition,
Whom none can loue: out of his penurie,
To catch most greedily at any wench
That giues way to his loue, or faignes her owne,
First vnto him, and so Sir *Abraham*, now
I hope will buy the poole where I will Fish,
Thus a quicke Knaue makes a fat foole his dish. *Exit.*

Enter Powts.

Powts. I haue plaide the melancholy Asse, and partlie
the Knaue, in this last businesse, but as the Parson said that
got the wench with child, Tis done now Sir, it cannot bee
vndone, and my purse or I must smart for it.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Your Trunks are shipt, and rhe Tide fals out about
twelue to night.

Powts. Ile away, this Law is like the Basiliske, to see it
first, is the death ont this night: and noble London fare-
well, I will neuer see thee more, till I be knighted for my
Vertues. Let me see, when shall I returne; and yet I doo
not thinke but there are a great manie dubb for their Ver-
tues; otherwise how could there be so many poor knights,
what att thou? whats thy newes?

Enter Strange like a Souldier amazedly.

Stra. Zoones, a man is faine to breake open doores,
ere he can get in to you.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

I would speake with a Generall sooner,

Cap. Sir you may, hee owes lesse peradventure : or if more, he is more able to pay't : What art't ?

Stran. A Soldier, one that liues vpon this Buffe Ierkin, t'was made of *Fortunatus* his pouch ; and these are the points I stand vpon, I am a Soldier.

Cap. A counterfet Rogue you are.

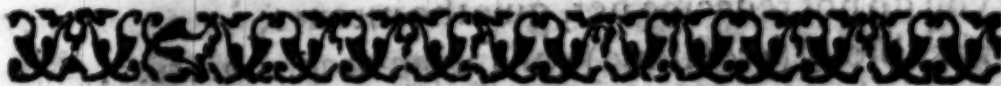
Stra. As true a Rogue as thy selfe: Thou wrong'st me, send your man away, go too, I haue strange and welcome businesse to impart, the Merchant is deade, for shame let's walke into the fields, send away your man.

Cap. How ?

Stra. Heere is a Letter from the lusty *Kate* That tels you all, I must not giue it you But vpon some conditions. Let vs walke, and send away your man.

Cap. Go Sirrha, and bespeake Supper at the Beare, and prouide Oares, Ile see Graues-end to night. *Exit.*

Stra. The Gentlewoman will run mad after you then, Ile tell you more, let's walke. *Exit.*



Actus Quartus.

Enter Scudmore and Newill.

I See great'st Spirits can serue to their owne ends,
Were you the seeming Seruing-man that pass by ?

Scud. By my sad heart I was, and not a Tittle
Of my relation to thee wrong or faign'd.

New. Introth you were too blame to venter so,
Mischiefes finde vs, we need not mischiefes seeke ;
I am not ti'de to that opinion,
They are like women, which do alwaies shun
Their louers and pursuers, and do follow

G

Wid

A Woman's a Wether-ocke!

With most ranke appetites them that do flye:
 All mischief that I had is but one woman,
 and that one woman all mischance to me,
 Who speaks worst of them, then's the best of men,
 They are like shaddowes, mischiefs are like them.
 Death feares me, for intrōth I seeke him out;
 The Sun is stale to me, to morrow Morne
 as this, t'will rise, I see no difference;
 The night doth visit me, but in one roabe,
 She brings as many thoughts as she weares Starres
 When she is pleasant, but no rest at all,
 For what new strange thing should I couet life then?
 Is not she false, whom onely I thought true?
 Shall time to shew his strength make *Scudmore* liue.
 Till (perish the vicious thought) I loue not thee,
 Or thou deere friend, remoue thy heart from me.
New. Time is as weake for that, as he is old,
 Take comfort, and attend this counsell friend,
 This match is neither Sacred nor sure,
 Close Fate annihilates what Opinion makes,
 and since she is resolu'd this night to die,
 If you do not redeeme her, giue the meanes,
 Or her blood (credit me) will spring heauier greefes,
 Sorer and stranger in thy oppressed hart
 Then her false loue before. Besides, tis you
 My *Scudmore* that are false, if you will not
 Consent to let her make Vowes good, which were
 But in a possibility to be broke,
 This her Repentance casts her vice quite off:
 and if you leaue her now, you take it on,
 Nay you incurre a bloody mortall sinne,
 You do become an actual murderer.
 If you neglect her, she will kill her selfe
 This night, by poyson, knife, or other meanes,
 God giues you power to crosse her desperate will,
 and if you saue not where you may, you kill.
Sen. Why can my Noble and wise friend, thinke full
 That what a woman saies, her heart doth meane?
 Can you belecue that she wil kil hir selfe.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Tis a full houre since she spake the word,
and God forbid, that any womans minde
Should not be chang'd and chang'd in a long houre.
She is by this time in her Lordly armes,
and like pleas'd *Iuno*, claspt by *Iupiter*,
Forgets the plaints of poore mortality,
Such state, such pride, as Poets shew her in,
Incenst with *Iones* loose scapes vpon the earth,
She cast on me at our encountering;
As cold and heauie, as a Rocke of Ice
In her loue to me, which while I there staide,
My bitter and hot words resolu'd a little,
(Iust as the Sun doth Ice) I soften'd her,
and made her drowne her fault in her owne teares,
But thinke you she holds this flexible vaine:
No, I'me remou'd, and shee's congeal'd againe.

New. How well does *Scudmore* speake, ill for himselfe,
Wit's a disease, that fit employment wants,
Therefore we see, those happiest in best parts,
and vnder-borne fortunes vnder their meritts,
Grow to a sullen enuie, hate, and scorne
Of their Superiors; and at last, like winds
Breake forth into rebellious ciuil warres,
Or priuate Treasons; none so apt for these,
as melancholy wits fetter'd with neede.
How free's the Rusticke Swaine from these assaults,
He neuer feeles a passion all his life,
But when he cannot sleepe, or hunger gripes;
And though he want Reason, Wit, Art, nay Sence,
Is not so sencelesse to capitulate,
and aske God why he made not him as great
As that same foolish Lord, or that rich knaue:
His braines with nothing does Negotiate,
But his hard Husbandry, which makes him liue.
But haue we worthy gifts, as Iudgement, Learning,
Ingenious sharpnesse, which wise God indeed,
Doth seldome giue out of his equall hand,

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

But ioynd with pouertie to make it euen
With Riches which he clogs with ignorance,
We vent our blessing in prophane conceits,
Or in strong Arguments against our selues,
Foule Bawdry, and starke blindly hold it best,
Rather to loose a soule, then loose a iest.

Scud. Ill tearmes my friend, this wit in any man,
(For that but season'd with discretion)
Holds him in awe of all these blomishes,
Free's him of enuie, doth Phylosophize
His Spirit, that he makes no difference
Twixt man and man, twixt fortunes high and low,
But as the thicker they with vertues grow,
Freedom and bondage wit can make al one;
So 't would by being left, and being lou'd,
If I had any of it temper'd so:
But you haue spoke all this condemning me,
For hauing wit to speake against my selfe,
But Ile be rul'd by you in all.

Ne. Then thus:
To night by promise, I do giue a Maske,
as to congratulate the Bridall day,
In which the Count, Pendant, and the wise Knight,
Will be most worthy dancers, Sir you shall,
Learne but my part, which I will teach you to,
as nimble as the Viceroy did teach me,
and follow my further directions,
Though I 'th Morne were a prodigious wight,
Ile giue thee *Bellafront* in thine armes to night.

Scud. I am your property, my Engineer
Prosper your purposes, shine thou eie of heauen,
and make thie lowring Morne, a smiling Beuen. *Exeunt*

Enter Cap. Pomps with a Letter, and Strange like a Souldier.

Siran. Oh, these are *Lambeth* fields.

Cap. Strange murder'd on the wedding day by you,
At his owne Brides appointment, for my sake?

Siran. As dead as Charity.

Cap. This sounds not well.

Siran.

A Woman's a Werther-cocke.

Stran. Zoones, you may say as well I am the man,
as doubt he liues, a plague of your beleefe,
De'e know this bloodie Ruffe which she has sent,
Least you should be incredulous, and this Ring
Which you haue seene her weare ?

Cap. I know the Ring,
and I haue seene the Ruffe about his necke,
This comes of enforc'd marriages ; Where was't done ?
And how escap't you ?

Stran. Sir receiue it briefly :
I am her Kinsman, and being newly come
Ouer, and not intending to stay long,
Tooke this day to go see my Cozen *Worldly*,
(For so my Name is) where I found all of them
So deeply drenched in the Bridall cup,
That sleepe had tane possession of their eies ;
Bacchus had giuen them such an ouerthrow,
Their bodies lay like slaughtered carkasses ;
One heere, one there, making such anticke faces,
as drunkenesse had mockt at drunkenesse,
Introth their postures and their sleepe like death,
(For their's, was liker death, then sober sleepe).
Remembred me of body-scattered fields,
after the bloudie battels I haue seene,
Twas such a season. To make short my tale,
as Fate had said, Now murtherers may be done
and ne're reueal'd, approaching further, I
Lighted vpon a Chamber, where your Loue
Sat by this Merchant cast drunke on the bed,
Shee weeping and lamenting her mishap,
assur'd both of my daring, and my trust,
Fell flat vpon the ground, tehn rais'd her selfe,
Hung on my necke, then sunke downe to my legs,
Told all things past to day, and neuer ceast
Till I had tane life from that halfe dead man
Before, whom straight I strangled with this Rope.

Cap. You haue shew'd some kindnes to mee, I must loue
you Sir,

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

What did you with his bodie?

Stran. Having first
By her direction put on these his Cloaths,
That like the Murther'd man, the safelyer
I might passe with her, being her Husbands shape,
If any of the Seruants had beene wak'd,
She shew'd me to a necessarie vault,
Within a Closset in the Chamber too,
and there I threw the bodie.

Cap. Whence this bloud?

Sir. That she her selfe first, let out of his vaines,
Wherein she dipt the Ruffe about his necke:
and said, Go beare this Ensigne of my loue,
To assure him what I dar'd for his deare sake.

Cap. Where is the Maide?

Stran. Captaine a Maide for you,
But well you know (I hope) she is no Maide,
But Maide or no Maide, she is at my Mothers,
Whence I will bring her whether you'll appoint
To night, and let this Tide conuey all hence,
For staying will be something perillous.

Cap. Sir, I wil kill two men for you, till then
I owe my life to you, and if euer Rackes,
Strapadoes, wheele, or any torturous Engine,
Euen from the *Roman* Yoke, to the Scotch Boote,
Force me discover you, or her, to Law,
Pray God the Merchant may re-spire againe,
But what a Villaine haue I beene ro wrong her?
Did she not tell you how I iniur'd her?

Stra. She said you challeng'd her, and publickly
Told you had lay'n with her, but Truths no wrong.

Cap. Truth, it was more false then Hell, & you shall see me,
(As Well, as I can repent of any sinne)

Aske her forgiuenesse for wounding of her Name,
and gainst the world recover her lost fame.

Kind soule, would I could weepe, to make amends
Why I did slander her at the Church doore.

Stra.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Stran. The more base Villaine thou. *Strike him.*

Cap. Ha, what's the newes?

Stran. Thou vnspeakeable Rascall, thou a Souldⁱer,
a Captaine of the Suburbs, a poore foist,
That with thy Slops, and Cat a Mountaines face,
Tiny blather chops, and thy robustious words,
Fright'nt the poore whore, and terribly dost exact,
a weekly Subsidie, twelue pence a peece,
Whereon thou liu'st, and on my Conscience
Thou snapst besides, with cheats and Cut-purses.

Cap. Hart, this is some rayling Poet, why you Rogue?

Str. Thou Rogue, far worse then Rogues, thou slanderer

Ca. Thou worse then slanderous Rogues, thou murderer

Stran. Tis well remember'd, I will cut thy throat,
To appease that Merchants soule, which ne're will rest,
Till some reuenge be raken on thy tongue.

Cap. Ile kill the first, and in thy vitall floud, *Fight.*
VWash my hands cleane of that yong Merchants bloud.

Stran. You fight as if you had fought afore,
I can still hold my sword, come on Sir.

Cap. Zoones can you ward so well, I thinke you are one
of the Noble science of Defence.

Stran. True, a th Science of Noble Defence I am,
That fight in safegard of a vertuous name. *Cadit Cap.*

Cap. Oh, now I vnderstand you, and you stand ouer me,
My hurts are not mortal, but you haue the better, if your
name be *worldly*, be thankefull for your fortune.

Stran. Giue me thy sword, or I will kill thee.

Ca. Some wiser then some, I loue my reputation wel, yet I
am not so valiant an asse, but I loue my life better, thers my

Str. Then get vpon my back, come al shalbe wel. (sword
Ile carry thee vnto a Surgeon first, & then vnto thy wench,
Come we are friends.

Cap. Godamercy, zoones methinkes I see my selfe in
Moore-fields, vpon a wodden leg, begging three pence.

Stran. I thanke thee heauen for my successe in this,
To what perfection is my busines growne. *Exit with*
Seldom or neuer is right ouerthrowne. *Cap. on his backe.*

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

*Enter Pendant, and Mistris Wagtaile, with worke,
sowing a purse.*

Pen. They say euerie woman has a Sprindge to catch a Wood-cocke, remember my instructions, and let mee see what a Paradise thou canst bring this foole into. 15. hundred a yeare wench, wil make vs all merrie, but a foole to boot; why we shall throw the house out at window; Let mee see, there are two thinges in this foolish Transitorie world, which should be altogether regarded, profite and pleasure, or pleasure and profit, I know not which to place first, for indeed, they are Twinnes, and were borne together; for Profit, this Marriage (God speed it) inarrties you to it, and for pleasure, if I helpe you not to that as cheape as any man in *England*, call me Cut, and so remember my instructions, for Ile go fetch Sir *Abraham*. *Exit.*

Wag. Your instructions; Nay faith, you shall see I haue as fruitfull a braine as a belly, you shall heare some additions of my owne, my fantasie euen kickes like my Bastard: well Boy, for I know thou art Masculine, neither thy Father nor thy Mother had any foeminine qualitie, but one, and that was to take a good thing when it was proffer'd; when thou inherit'st Land, strange both to thy Father and Grandfather, and rid'st in a Caroch, it may bee thy Father an old Footeman, will be running by rhy side, but yonder comes the Gentle Knight, and my Squire.

Enter Sir Abraham and Pendant (stealing).

Wag. Vnfortunate Damsell, why doost thou loue Where thou hast sworn it neuer to reuale?
May be he would vouchsafe to looke on thee
Because he is a Knight, is it thy terror,
VWhy peraduenture he is Knight-hoods Mirror,

Pen. De'e heare Sir *Abraham*?

Abra. Yes, with standing teares.

Wag. Beanis on *Arundell* with *Morglay* in hand,
Neere to my Knight in prowesse doth not stand;
They say Sir *Beanis* flew both Bore and Dragon,
My Knight for that can drinke vp a whole Flaggon,

A Woman's a Weether-cocke

a thing as famous now amongst our men,
as killing Monsters were accounted then,
Tis not thy legge, no, were it twice as good,
Thi o wes me into this melancholy mood,
Yet let me say and sweare, in a crosse Carter,
Poles neuer shew'd to eies a louelier quarter.

Abra. I, but all this while she does not name mee, shee
may meane Somebody else.

Pen. Meane Somebody else, you shall heare her name
you by and by.

Wag. Courteous Sir *Abraham*.

Pen. Law ye there.

Wag. Oh, thy verie name,
Like to a Hatchet cleaves my heart in twaine,
VVhen first I saw thee in those little Breeches,
I laugh'd for ioy, but when I heard thy speeches
I smil'd downe right, for I was almost franticke,
A moderne Knight should be so like an Anticke,
In words and deeds, those Pinkanies of thine,
For I shall ne're be blest to call them mine.

Abra. Say not so, Sweet-heart.

Wag. How they did run, not rheumatically run,
But round about the roome, one ouer one,
That wide mouth no, small, no, but Middle-size,
That Nose Dominicall, that head, like ———— wise.

Pen. Very good, de'le marke that head like wise?

Abra. She has an excellent wit.

Pen. Ile now into her, Sir obserue what followes,
Now Turtle mourning still for the partie, for whome are
you working that purse?

Abra. For me I warrant her.

Wag. VVhat newes good Cozen, I hope you haue not
reucal'd my Loue.

Pend. Yes faith, I haue acquainted the Knight withall,
and thou maist be asham'd to abuse a Gentleman so stau-
derously, he sweares he ne re lay with you.

Wag. Lay with mee, alas no, I say not so, nor no man li-

uing

A Woman's a Wether-cocke:

uing; but there was one night aboue the rest, that I dreamt
he lay with me, and did you ne're heare of a child begot in
a Dreame. (me.

Ab. By this light, that very night I dreamt shee lay with

Pend. I but Sir *Abra:* is no dreaming knight: in short,
he contemnes you, he scornes you at his heeles.

Abra. By God so he lyes, I haue the most adoo to for-
beare, but that I would heare a little more.

Pend. And has sent this halter, you may hang your selfe,
or you may cut your throat, heere's a knife too.

Wag. Well, I will loue him in despite of all,
How ere he uses me, tis not the shame
Of being examin'd, or the feare of whipping.

Pend. Make as if thou would'st kill thy selfe.

Wag. Should moue me, wold but he vouchsafe his loue,
Beare him this purse fil'd with my latest breath, *Blowes in it*
I lou'd thee *Abraham Ninnie*, euen in death. *Offers to stab*

Abra. Hold, hold, thy Knight commands thee for to hold,
I sent no halter, poore soule how it pants,
Take Courage, looke vp.

Pend. Looke, Sir *Abra:* in person comes to see you.

Wag. Oh, let me die then in his worships armes.

Abra. Liue long and happy to produce thy Baby,
I am thy Knight, and thou shalt be my Lady:
Frowne Dad, fret Mother, so my loue looke chearely,
Thou hast my heart, and thou hast bought it dearely,
And for your paines, if *Abraham* liue to inherit,
He will not be vnmindfull of your merit;
Weare thou this Ring, whilst I thy labors Taske,
This Purse weare in my Cap, anon i'th Maske.

Wag. Oh happie woman.

Abra. To Supper let's, and merry be as may be.

Pe. Now God send euerie wise knight such a Lady. *Exeunt*



Actus Quintus. Scen. prima.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Enter Bellafront.

Bell. Titles and State de'e call it; Oh Content!
Thou art both beauty, meanes, and all in marriage:
Ioy dwels not in the Princes Pallaces,
They that enuie em do not know their cares,
Were I the Queene of Gold, it could not buy
An houres ease, for my oppressed heart.
Oh, were this Wedlocke knot to tie againe,
Not all the State and glorie it contains,
Ioyn'd with my Fathers fury, should enforce
My rash consent; but *Scudmore* thou shalt see,
This false heart (in my death) most true to thee.

Shows a Knife hanging by her side.

My Lord, my Father, all the Companie
Did note my sodaine sadnesse now at Supper,
Yet came I out, and put on faigned mirth,
And meane to sit out this nights Reuels too,
To auoide all suspect may grow in em,
Least my behauiour should my intent reueale:
Our greefes (like loue) we hardly can conceale,
Yon comes my Sisters: Are the Maskers ready?

Enter Lucida with her Willow Garland on, and Katherine.

Luci. They are gone to dresse themselves, *M. Neuil* come
I would I had not vow'd to liue a Maide,
I am a little taken with that Gentleman,
And yet if Marriage be so full of ill,
Let me be married to my Gyrlond still.

Kate. Introth thy State is happier much then ours,
Were neuer two (like vs) vnfortunate,

Luci. Thy case indeed, I needs must pittie much,
Because I thinke thy Vertue slander'd,
But for my Ladie Sister, if she reape
Sad discontent, tis nones but her owne fault,
I knew the passages twixt her and *Scudmore*.

Bella. Sister, I wonder you will name a man,
I thinke not on, he was no match for mee,

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Why de'e blame me, that should rather blame
Your wandering eie, to loue a man lou'd me,

Luci. Well tis too late now to expostulate.

But my poore little *Kate*, where is thy man?

Kate. Lost, lost intooth, to morrow I shall heare,
I make account hee's gone some five yeares voyage,
Till this disgrace of ours be ouer-blowne,
and for my Captaine *Powis*, by this time hee
Is ten mile on the Riuer toward *Granes* end.

*Enter Sir Iohn Worldly, with two with
Torches and Cudgels.*

World. Stand yon two there, Sirrha go you with me.

Why how now Girles heere still, what & your Ladyship?

Away, away, I say, go take your places.

Some Torches for my Ladie.

Scud. You Sirrha,

Exeunt Bell. Lucida, Kate.

Is my Ladie *Ninnie* awake yet?

Ser. Yes Sir, she is awake, but she is scant sober, the first
thing she cal'd for, was her Aqua vitæ bottle.

World. Who is with her?

Ser. The good Sir *Innocent*, and her Gentlewoman,

World. Go tell em I desire their Companie,

The Maske staies on em say, and de'e heare,

The sides of one a'th Chaire's must be let out,

For her great Ladyship.

Ser. Marrie shall it Sir.

Exit Servant.

*Enter Newill, Count, Pendant, and Sir Abraham, in
their Masking Robes, Sir Abra. knawing
on a Capons Legge.*

New. Soule man, leaue eating now, looke, looke, you
haue all dropt a yourfute.

Abra. Oh Sir, I was in loue to day, and could not eate,
but heere's one knowes the case is alter'd, lend mee but a
Handkerchiefe to wipe my mouth, and I ha done.

Ne. Soule, how this Rascall staies with the rest of our
things.

World.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

World. How now son *Count*, what readie *M. Newill*.

New. All readie, readie, onely we tarrie for our Vizards & our Caps, I put em to a knaue to doing, because I would haue em the better done.

Abra. If you put em to a knaue, you are like to haue em the worse done.

New. Your wit is most active, I cal'd him knaue in regard of his long stay Sir, not his worke.

Abra. But de'e heare Maist. *Newill*, did you bespeake a Vizard with a most terrible countenance for me.

New. A verie Diuels face, I feare nothing but that it will fright the weomen.

Abra. I would it would, and a huge Mustachios?

New. A verie Turkes.

Abra. Excellent.

Count. But do you thinke he will come at all?

Om. Oh, there he is.

Speakes within;

By your leaue, stand backe, by your leaue.

Enter Scudmore like a Vizard-maker.

Nothing can be done to night, if I enter not.

2 Ser. Stand backe there, or Ile burne you.

Scud. T'were but a whoorish tricke Sir.

3 Ser. Oh Sir ist you, Hart you'le be kild.

Scud. Marry God forbid Sir.

Ne. Pray forbear, let me speake to him,

Oh you vse vs verie well.

Scud. In good Faith, I haue beene so troubled about this Gentlemans scurvie face (I take it) tis wonderfull.

Abra. Well, are you fitted now.

New. Fitted at all points.

Count. Where are the Caps.

Scud. Heere Sir.

Peu. Let me see mine.

Count. Come helpe me on with mine.

Abra. This a rare face to fright the Maids i'th Countrey, heere now Ile pin my purse, come helpe me on.

Ne. So, so, away, mine bring on Ile follow you.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Om. Pray make hast.

Exeunt S. John, Count, Pen.

Ne. So that doores fast, and they are busied. *S. Abra.*
About their charge : on with this Robe of mine,
This Vizard and this Cap ; helpe me a litle. *Change habit.*

Scud. At first Change I must tell her who I am ?

Neu. Right, tis agree'd, I (leading of the Maske,)
Should dance with *Bellafront.*

Scud. And at the second, I come away with her, & leaue
them dancing, and shall finde you at the backe doore.

Neu. The rest

That followes, is digested in my breast.

Ser. What would you do ? Stand backe,
Vnlesse you can cate Torchies.

Enter Count, Pend: Sir Abraham in their Masking robes.

Count. Come, come, away for shame.

Sc. Tis such a tedious rascall. So ha we'e.

Exeunt Maskers.

World. Thou hast wel fitted em, though thou mad'st em
stay.

Neu. I forbid any man to mend em Sir, 'good night vnto
your worship.

World. VVilt not stay ?

Ne. Alas Sir, I haue another to set forth
This very night : By your leaue my Maisters.

Exit Neuill through them.

2 Ser. By your leaue, by your leaue, you'll let a man go out ?

World. Now go with me, and let all in that will.

Exit Sir John with them, & run in three or foure.

Enter 2. or 3. setting 3. or 4. Chaires, & 4 or 5. stooles.

Loud Musicke, in which time, enter Sir Iohn Worldly, Sir In-
nocent, Bellafront, Lucida, Kate, my Lady Ninnie, Mrs.
Wagtaile, they seate themselves, Lady Ninnie offers at two
or three Chaires ; at last finds the great one : they point at
her, and laugh. Assoone, as she is set, she drinckes of his beere,
the Musicks playes, and they enter.

After

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

After one straine of the Musicke, Scudmore takes Bellafront, who seemes unwilling to dance, Count takes Lucida, Pendant Kate, Sir Abraham, Mistris Wagtaile, Scudmore as they stand, the other Courting too, whispers as followes..

Scud. I am your Scudmore. Soft Musicke..

Bell. Ha?

*Scud. By heauen I am,
Berul'd by me in all things.*

Bell. Euen to death.

Abra. Sfut did you not know me by my purse?

*Wag. I should ne're haue knowne you by that, for you
weare it on your head, and other folkes in their pockets.*

La. Nin. Which is my Lord I pray?

*World. The second man
Young Neuill leads.*

S. In. And where's Sir Abraham?

World. He with the terrible visage.

*La. Nin. Now out vpon him to disfigure himselfe so,
And t'were not for my bottle, I should swound.*

*Musick, & they dance, the second strain, in which Scudm: goes
away with her. Om. Spect. Good verie good.*

The other foure dance, another straine, honor and end.

Count. But where's the Bride and Neuill?

Om. Ha.

Abra. Ware trickes.

World. Oh, there they come, it was their parts to do so.

*Enter Scudmore unvizarded, Bellafront with Pistols,
and the right Parson.*

Count. This Neuill, this is Scudmore.

Om. How?

Count. But heere's my Ladie,

Scud. No my Gentlewoman.

Abra. Zoones Treason, I smell powder.

*Bell. In short know, that I am married to this Gent,
To whom I was contracted long ago:*

This

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

This Priest the inviolable knot hath ty'd,
What ease I finde being vn-Ladified.

Count. What Riddle's this?

S. Inno. Ware the last Statute of two Husbands.

Scud. Bellafront, pish.

Count. This is the verie Priest that married me,
Is it not Sister?

Ne. No.

Enter Neuill like the Parson too.

Abra. Lord blese vs, heere is coniuring,
Lend me your Aqua-vitæ bottle good Mother.

World. Hoy-day, the worldes turn'd vp side downe, I
haue heard and seene two or three Benefices to one Priest,
or more,

But two Priests to one Benefice, ne're before.

Pen. Married not you the Earle?

Par. Bona fide, no.

World. You did then?

Neu. Yes.

Count. I haue the Priuiledge then.

World. Right; you were married first.

Scud. Sir John you doate,
This is a Deuill in a Parsons coate.

Neuill puts off the Priests Weeds, & has a Diuels roke under.

Om. A prettie Emblem.

Neu. Who married her, or would haue caus'd his marry
To any man but this, no better was,
Let circumstances be examined,
Yet heere's one more, and now I hope you all,
Perceiue my marrying not Canonically.

Slips off his Diuels meedes.

Om. Neuill, whoop.

Count. Hart, what a deale a Knauery a Priests cloake can
hide, if it be not one of the honestest friendliest Coozena-
ges that ere I saw, I am no Lord.

Kate. Life, I am not married then in earnest.

Neu. So Mistris Kate, I kept you for my selfe.

World.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

World. It boots, not to be angry.

S. In. La. No faith *Sir John*.

Enter Strange with Powts on his backe.

2 Ser. Whether will you go with your Calfe on your backe *Sir. World.* Now more knauerie yet.

Stran. Prethee forbear, or I shall do thee mischief: By your leaue, heere's some sad to your merriment: know you this Captaine?

Om. Yes verie well.

Kate Oh Sister, heere's the Villaine slander'd me.

Stran. You see he cannot stand to't.

Abra. Is he hurt in the arme too?

Stran. Yes.

Abra. Why then by Gods-lid thou art a base Rogue, I knew I should liue to tell thee so.

La. Nin. *Sir Abraham* I say.

Om. Heauen is iust.

Cap. What a Rogue are you, is this the Surgeon you would carry me to?

Stra. Confesse your slander, and I will I sweare.

Cap. Nay tis no matter, Ile crie quittance with you, Forgiue me *Mrs. Kate*, and know all people I li'de not with her, bur beli'de her once, And to my recantation, that same Souldier Enforc'd my hand.

They all looke on the Paper.

Stra. Yes, heere tis *Mistis Kate*.

Cap. I see now how I am cheated, loue him well, He has redeem'd your honor with his sword.

World. But where is *Strange* my Sonne, oh were he heer He should be married new to make all sure.

Kate. Oh my Diuining Spirit, hee's gone to Sea.

Cap. This cunning in her is exceeding good, Your Sonne, your husband, *Strange* is murther'd.

Om. How?

Stran. Peace, peace, for Heauens sake peace, Come *Sir*, Ile carre you to a Surgeon, Heer's Gold to stop thy throat, for God-sake peace.

Cap. *Sirra*, you haue brought mee to a Surgeon alreadie, Ile be euen with you.

I

Kate

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Kate. Of all men liuing I could marrie thee,
Vere not my heart giuen to another man,
Sir you did speake of *Strange*.

Cap. These women are as craftie as the Diuell,
Yes, I did speake of him, Sir *Iohn*, my Lord,
Know *Strange* is murther'd by that Villaines hand,
And by his wifes consent.

Om. How? *World.* God forbid.

Cap. Search presently the Closet and the Vault,
There you shall finde his bodie, tis too true,
The reason all may gesse, her husband wanting
Spirit to do on me what he hath done,
In hope to marrie her, he hath murther'd him.

Kate. To marrie me, no villaine I do hate him
On this report, worse then I do thy selfe,
And may the plagues and Tortures of a Land
Ceize me, if this be not an Innocent hand.

World. Fore-God tis most like truth, son *Scudmore* pray
Lookē to this fellow, Gentlemen assist,
Torches, some Torches, Ile go search my selfe.

S. In. I will assist you.

Count. But I pray Sir how came you vnto this knowledge
Cap. From his mouth.

Stran. Ile saue your labor, and discouer all:
Thou periur'd villaine, didst not sweare thou wouldst not
Cap. I but swore in iest. (discouer me.

Sir. Nay but remember thou didst wish *Strange* liuing
If euer thou didst tell, Sir all is true,
And would my punishment would ease my Conscience.

World. To New-gate with him hence, take her along,
Out Murtherers, whoore thou art no child of mine,
Fetch Constable and Officers, Away.

Stran. Sir do but heare me speake.

World. Fetch Officers.

Cap. Go fetch a Surgeon.

Stra. Sir, you are then too violent, I will baile her.

Kate. Oh my deere *Strange*. *Discouers himselfe*

World.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke,

World. My Sonne.

Scud. *Luci.* Bell. Brother.

Om. Yong Strange.

Cap. Hart, I was neuer sicke before, helpe me now to a Surgeon, or I shall swoon instantly. *As 2 leads him he speaks*
Thou wer't borne a Roman-Citizen, fare thee well,
And farewell loue, and weomen, ye diseases,
My horse and sword shall be my Mistresses,
My Horse Ile court, my sword shall lye with me. *Exit*

Stra. The way to cure lust, is to bleed I see.

Count. Tell him al *Scudmore*, whilst I go a woing againe
Sir Iohn will you go along, and my two worshipful Elders,
I pray be you witnesses, Priest goe { *Neu. Scud. Bell. Stra.*
not you away, Hart I haue so rumi- { *Kate. Whispers in one*
nated on a VVife, that I must haue { *part. Pend. Sir Abra.*
one this night, or I shal run proud. { *& Wag. in another.*

Mistris Lucida, you did once loue mee, if you doo still, no more words, but giue me your hand, why are ye doubtfull?

Abra. Nere looke vpon me *M. Lucida*, Time was, Time is, and Times past, Ile none of you now, I am other-wise prouided.

Pend. VVell spoken Brazen head, now or neuer *Sir Abraham*.

Abra. Then first as dutie binds, I craue consent
Of my two parents deere: If I, say so;
If not, Ile ha her, whether you will or no.

S. In. How, how. *La. Nim.* I hope you wil not

Abra. Mam, I am resolu'd, you haue a humour of your Aqua-vitæ bottle, why shoulde not I haue a humour in a wife?

World. An old man were a fitter match for her,
He would make much of her.

Abra. Much on her, I know not what ye call much making on her, I am sute I haue made two on her.

Pend. And that an old man cannot do I hope.

Ne. Oh thou beyond *Lawrence* of Lancashire.

S. In. Come, come, you shall not.

A Woman's a Wether-cocke.

Abra. Speake not in vaine, I am to sure to change,
For hand and heart are sure,
Ecce signum, and this haue I done, and neuer lay with hir
World. Nay, then tis too late,

Tis sure, Tis vaine to crosse the will of Fate.

Sir In. La. Well, wel, Godbless you. *Ab. & Wag kneel*

Abra. Thankes reuerend couple, and Godbless withall
The little *Ninnie* that heerein doth sprauke,
Parson you shall dispatch vs presently:
Lord how soberly you stand.

Par. Now truly I could nere stand drunke in my life.

Stra. Strange and most fortunate, wee must haue a new
Tucke then.

Count. Is it a match?

Luci. Tis done.

(hand)

Count. Then *Bacchus* squeeze Grapes with a plenteous
Parson you'le take some paines with vs to night;
Come Brothers come, flye Willow to the woods,
And like the Sea, for healths let's drinke whole floods.

Stra. I consecrate my deed vnto this Citty,
And hope to liue my selfe, to see the day,
It shall be shewne to people in a play.

Scud. And may all true loue haue like happie end,
Women forgiue me; Men, admire my Friend.

World. On Parson on, and Boy out-voice the Musicke,
Ne're was so much (what cannot heavenly powers,)
Done and vndone, and done in twelue short howers.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

